JULY 2022

AUSTRALIA

# PLAYBOY

## *Hearts,* MINDS & RHINO HORNS

HOW VETPAW IS FIGHTING TO SAVE WILDLIFE

## HERITAGE JENNIFER JACKSON

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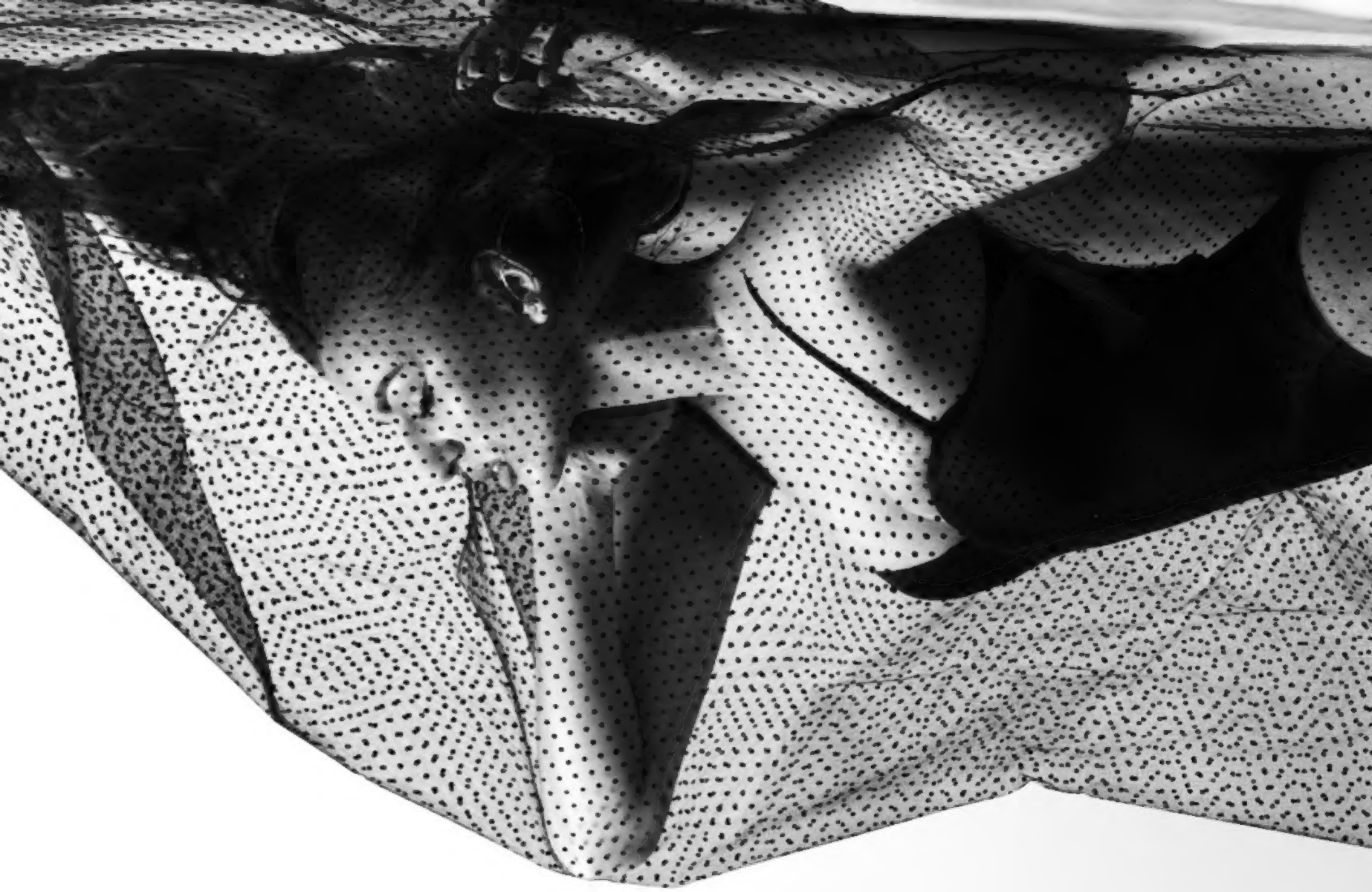

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# Izabela Guedes's Songs to Smoke Weed To

Our Winter 2021 Playmate shares her pot and playlist preferences

INTERVIEW BY **TORI LYNN ADAMS**

PHOTO BY **KANYA IWANA**

It's hard to picture Winter 2021 Playmate Izabela Guedes ever having downtime. Between being a full-time model, aspiring DJ, budding TV writer and up-and-coming entrepreneur (along with a small wine business, she has her own swimwear line), the Afro-Brazilian beauty has her hands full. Yet there's one thing she always finds time for: smoking a joint and listening to her favorite music. Like wine and chocolate, the two are a perfect—and potent—pairing. Not one to shy away from relaxation and pleasure, Guedes views cannabis as a way to elevate her passion for music, food and self-care. In celebration of that, I caught up with the plant-loving Playmate and chatted about her canna-history—and also got her go-to songs to enjoy while smoking weed.

**When did you first try cannabis?**

I was about 15 when I first tried weed, but I didn't get into it then. Back in Brazil, it's illegal. My mom was always discouraging me from trying it, so for a long time I had this preconceived notion about it being bad. After I moved to Los Angeles, I started smoking weed regularly.

> "I don't really drink much, so for me smoking weed is a way to relax from time to time."

**What is your relationship with it now?**

I don't smoke as much as I used to. I'm not the type to wake and bake; I treat it more like a glass of wine at the end of the day. I don't really drink much, so for me it's a way to relax from time to time. But it depends on my mood. Some days I'm stressed or anxious and it's better for me not to smoke weed, because I get even more anxious. Too much of anything is boring anyway, so I like to mix it up.

**Do you have a favorite strain?**

I tend to gravitate toward indica or hybrids. They make me feel goofy—even goofier than I am normally. I'll just start laughing like crazy or I'll get the munchies. The other night I smoked so much weed and then I ordered dessert and empanadas from this Brazilian spot nearby. It was legit.

**Do you have a preferred method of consuming cannabis?**

I love to smoke joints. I can't smoke blunts; just papers for me. I used to be afraid of smoking out of a bong, but I finally tried it and it wasn't bad. I definitely got a little paranoid though.

**How about edibles?**

Girl, I can't do edibles. The first time I took an edible was when I was flying to New York. It wasn't kicking in so I took another. I started looking out at the ocean at night and I thought the plane was flying sideways around Earth. I was tripping! Another time, my roommate had infused chocolate, and I made the same mistake and took a second piece because I couldn't feel the first one kicking in. After an hour and a half I laid down and I told my roommate, "Girl, my soul is outside of my body." I just trip so hard sometimes. [laughs] That's why I've never tried shrooms or anything stronger.

**Does your mom still frown upon cannabis use?**

Since I moved to California, I started opening up to her about it. It's legal here, so I tried to explain to her how normal it is. I really prefer smoking to drinking. Cannabis isn't going to make you aggressive or get in fights the way alcohol does for some people. My mom didn't want me to do it as a kid because I was too young to know what I was doing, but now her opinion is different. She has started to open up her mind.

**Has she ever tried it?**

My mom is hella cool—she's my best friend. She got kind of excited when I opened up to her about weed, so we decided to go to Jamaica and smoke together. It was kind of disappointing. We didn't really get high. The joint just wasn't strong enough. I think that's why they make their joints so thick there. Later on, when I visited her in Brazil, we did an edible together. She didn't really enjoy it, but I'm glad she tried it.

**Do you use cannabis when you're deejaying or creating music?**

I definitely use it when I'm making playlists or listening to new music, but not really for creating music. I just can't function like that. But new music sounds so different when you're high. It's way better.

**Do you have a favorite song to listen to while you're high?**

Probably "Mergulhei nos Seus Olhos" by Natiruts featuring Katchafire. Natiruts are from Brazil—they've been my favorite band since I was, like, 17. They do reggae. Whenever I'm feeling bad, I listen to them and I feel good right away. Their music has such a positive energy to it.

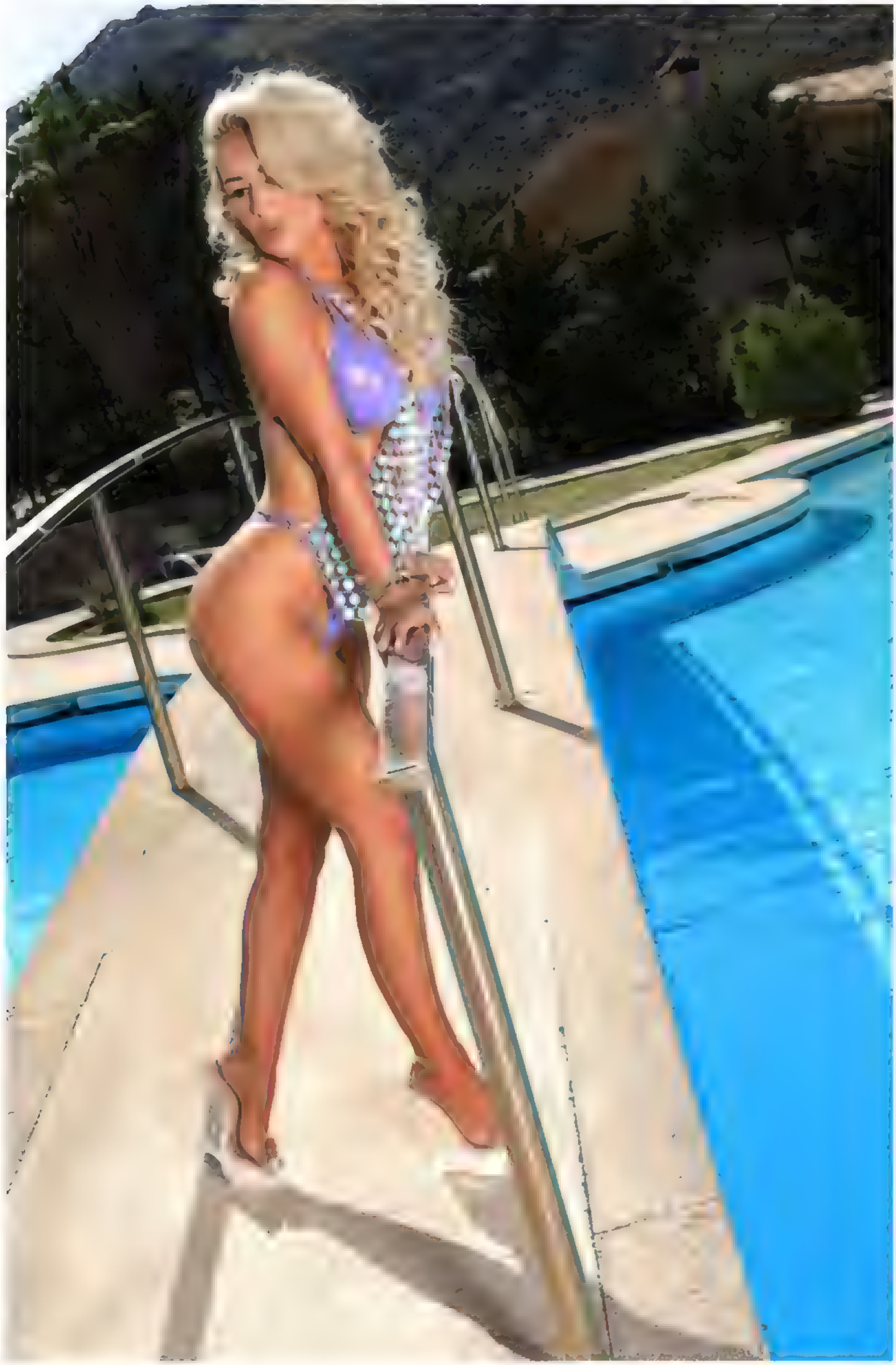
**What kind of songs do you like to listen to when you're smoking weed?**

I really like slower songs. I love chill vibes. A lot of the songs on this playlist are more mellow. Some of the beats are just different from anything I've ever heard, and sometimes the song transports me to a different time and place. A lot of them are sexy and romantic too. I don't know how else to say it, other than it's a vibe.

Stephanie
HEANEY

Mike Cohen | @mikecohenphoto

**Stephanie Heaney**, 37 from Glasgow Scotland - I'm a professional model **and business entrepreneur.**



**Such an absolute honor to have you on Playboy! What are your plans for the rest of the year?** It's such an absolute honor to be in Playboy, such an iconic magazine and I'm thrilled to be a Playboy model. This year has been great for me professionally, I've been booked for several campaigns which have kept me very busy, and looking forward to even more to come this year. Between my modeling and my businesses, I've hardly had a second to spare and I've loved every second of it.

**What is at the top of your list to achieve the most this year?** Well, I can safely say this shoot has been the highlight of my year so far and will be hard to top! I've been very fortunate to have worked with some amazing companies and individuals this year and I'm excited to continue those relationships and push even further to see what else I can achieve.

**How did you come to shoot with the new platform Social Ikon?** I was delighted to have been approached by Social Ikon - after looking at their platform I was blown away by their work ethic and their whole energy and I was happy to become one of their Social Ikon models, they have some amazing content creators who collaborate with them, and I couldn't wait to come on board and show what I can do.

**What does it mean for you to be seen as a strong, intelligent, ambitious woman?** I've always been a driven, independent woman, and being seen as a role model to others is hugely satisfying to me which is why I always want to encourage others to push themselves to fulfill their potential. I lost my sister to mental health issues a few years ago and she was my biggest fan and could have been so proud to see her big sister in the world-famous Playboy issue.

**What would you say makes you stand out in the industry?** I've got lots of life experience and have been modeling for a very long time. I love the sexy allure of Playboy while bringing my own sophistication and elegance which I feel really shines through in the photographs we captured during our amazing weekend shoot in Majorca. I'm delighted for you to see them all!

**Where are we most likely to find you if not in front of the camera being glamorous?** I'm very lucky that many of the companies I have shot with I now consider very close friends - when I'm not strutting my stuff with them on the catwalk or the studio, you'll find me in the gym keeping the body in trim and relaxing in the sauna or jacuzzi once I'm done. I love to be pampered so regular trips to the spa for a massage are essential, I love my treatments, facials, manicures, and everything that makes me feel super feminine.

**What are some of your biggest passions?** That's an easy one :) I love fashion and I have a ridiculous shoe collection. I spend a lot of time working with mental health charities, raising money and awareness and I'm passionate about helping people in need. I hope to be working with some new charities this year to shine a light on some more issues affecting our communities.

**3 ultimate deal-breakers when it comes to men?** I need a man to stimulate me mentally not just physically. I enjoy a good conversation and need a guy to be able to keep me interested, he needs to have a good sense of humor and be able to make me laugh. I'm fashion obsessed so I would like my man to be the same, takes pride in his appearance, and looks good with me hanging from his arm!

**What are some of your best career highlights so far?** Working with some of the country's biggest names, I've been lucky enough to have been the face of some amazing brands and featured on billboards in some of the UK's most iconic locations. Some of my favorites are the Scottish Wedding shows - being featured in some of the industry's biggest publications whilst being dressed up as a princess is every girl's dream, isn't it? I still pinch myself at winning the Social Ikon shoot and having the opportunity to pose for Playboy is something that I will never forget and hope it leads to other amazing opportunities in the future.

**Where do you see yourself in the next 5 years?** I spend half of my time in the south of France, and I love the elegance, it is so suited to my tastes, the Parisian style is synonymous with sophistication, and I adore the ambiance there. I hope to spend more time there in the future whilst using my influence to continue expanding our family businesses. I'm hoping to continue to champion mental health awareness in my sister's name and be able to make a difference for those that need me.

**What is the wrong way to approach you as an admirer?** I love my social media, and interacting with my followers, it's such a powerful tool when used in the right way but I like the old-fashioned approach, good manners, and gentlemanly conduct. I like to be treated like a Queen, be respectful and treat a girl with genuine class and with good intentions and you'll go far.

**What can our readers expect from your Social Ikon profile, and can they catch up with you on them?** Absolutely they can catch up with me on there, I'm so excited to start my Social Ikon journey. I have some amazing content I will be posting in the coming months - you'll find me in something sexy or maybe nothing at all! I love creating sexy yet elegant content for my loyal subscribers.

**We are so happy to have gotten to know you a little bit! Any last words out there for our readers?** I really hope you enjoy the pictures as much as I have. Can't wait to show the Playboy readers what a girl from Scotland can really do. I look forward to catching up with you all on Social Ikon!

# Jay Howell and Slow Culture Discuss Their Sprawling Show 'Playboys & Girls'

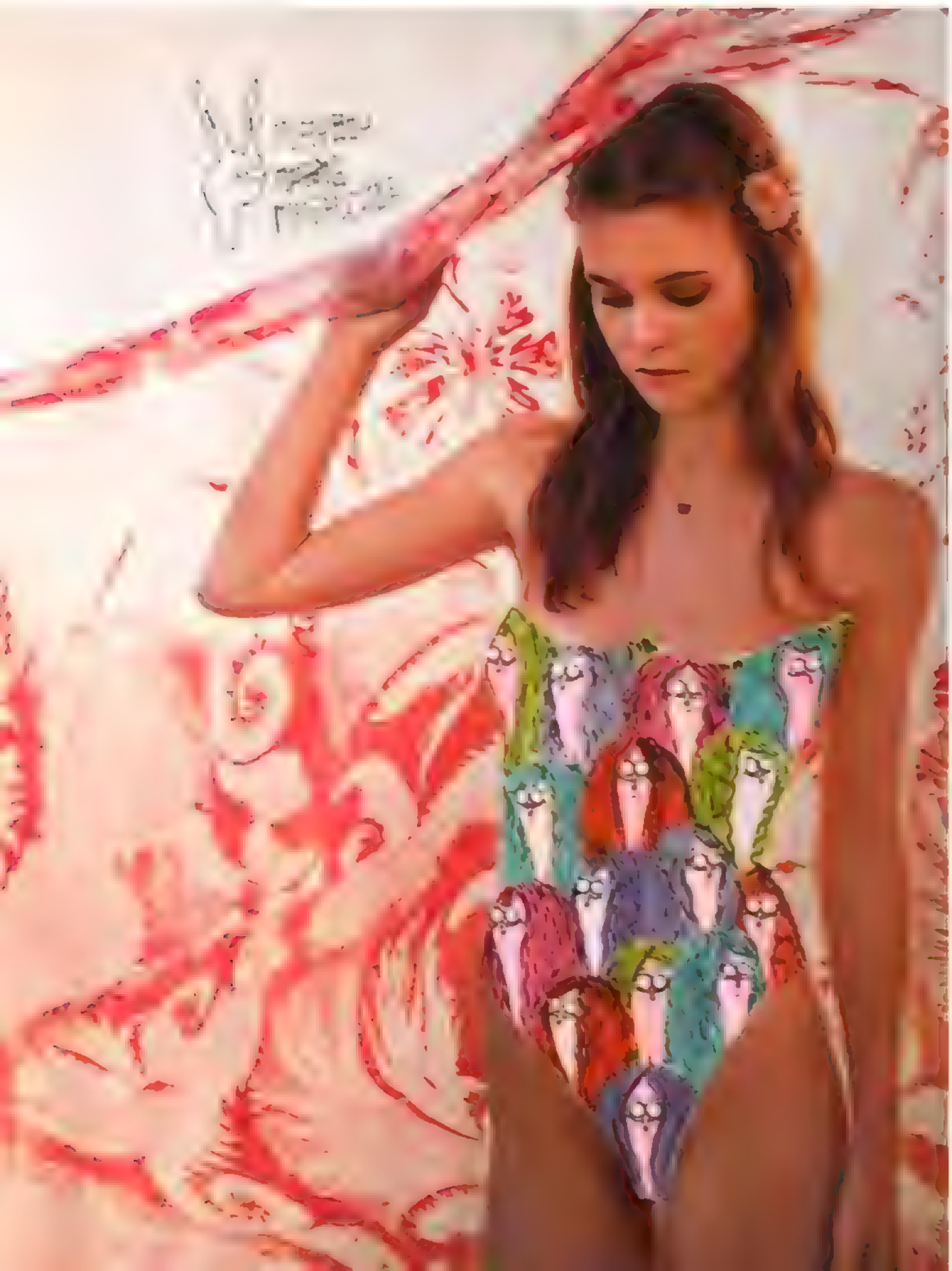
LIZ SUMAN

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE ARTISTS

## The masterminds behind the upcoming 'Playboys & Girls' discuss the eclectic show, their individual takes on the Playboy legacy and the importance of experiential art

This Friday, L.A. gallery Slow Culture will open the doors of its Chinatown space to unveil Playboys & Girls, a month-long celebration of groundbreaking art and Playboy culture. The show's eclectic but organic lineup of 20-plus established and emerging artists ranges from skateboarding legend-cum-painter-photographer Ed Templeton to folk illustrator Stacey Rozich to Playmate Brook Power (Miss May 2016). The wild mashup is what you get when you combine the visions of curator Jay Howell — mastermind of the quirky visual worlds of Bob's Burgers and Sanjay and Craig — and Steve Lee and Fred and Max Guerrero, three L.A. natives who, since 2013, have been using Slow Culture as a vehicle for making good art accessible

We spoke with Howell, the Guerrero brothers (who also operate Chinatown's no-frills burger haven Burgerlords and a surprisingly popular beef-focused Tumblr) and Lee (a photographer, former Arkitip contributor and friend of the Guerreros since high school) over drinks on the deck of the Playboy offices in Beverly Hills. Topics included why it was important to the four men, who are as much friends as partners, to create a brick-and-mortar forum for the 22 artists of Playboys and Girls; their takes on the Playboy legacy; and their master plan to make art an experience instead of a scene.



*Amber*, Jay Howell

*Baby Giraffe*, Nathan Kostechko

**First things first: Why a Playboy art show?**

**JAY HOWELL:** I started working with the mag doing illustrations recently. I just noticed that the art direction in the magazine was really on par with what I was interested in and what these guys were interested in. And the opportunity came out of nowhere. I really try to take advantages of situations when I'm given them.

**That's a good trait to have.**

**JAY:** It's all self-serving, egotistical crap, but I just thought, we need to do an art show with the kind of art that's in the mag, and also stuff that should be or could be in the mag. And I was like, "I need to handle that." I asked Playboy and you were like, "Yeah, of course." It wasn't even like a thing. I needed to talk to Slow Culture, because that's just the spot it should be. It's the coolest spot to have a show, with the coolest art, with the coolest magazine. It all worked perfectly.

**"It's not going to be all salon crazy. It's going to be classy as fuck."**

**Why was Slow Culture the perfect place?**

**JAY:** I think people on the east side really like Playboy a lot. I feel like a lot of your parties are a little bit different than what we experience on the east side. But I thought, the people on the east side would really love this. My favorite art is on the east side of Los Angeles. So it was like, we need to bring you guys over there.

**STEVE LEE:** It's great that Jay brought this to us because we've had an ongoing relationship for around three years now. Slow Culture is in Chinatown now, but we were in Highland Park initially. We were fortunate enough to have Jay do a show with us there around two years ago, and since then we're just guilty by association [laughs]. It's been a good relationship and he's helped us so much. It kind of goes 360 degrees.

**How'd you guys meet?**

**JAY:** I came down to Los Angeles from San Francisco around six years ago. I knew about the city, but once I moved to the east side and this isn't like an east side / west side story at all it reminded me of San Francisco, and I really liked that. But I noticed that all of the art shows were on the west side, in places like Culver City, and I was like, "Why the fuck are we coming over here? This isn't really my style." Even though I liked the artists at the shows I thought, g"Why don't we just have shows on the east side?" Then these guys open up a gallery shortly after I moved here and I was like, "Oh. This is my scene. These guys get it." And immediately the gallery just exploded.

**FRED GUERRERO:** I think we kind of fell into it. We don't operate like a traditional gallery. We're called Slow Culture because we focus on the culture aspect of things, with music or food events or pop-ups. It's cool to use the gallery to connect that way. It's not like we're trying to do anything different; it's just more organic between our friends. We were friends with a bunch of the artists we work with now before we even had the gallery, so it kind of just happened that way.

*Chill Spill*, Hel en Jo

*The Gorgeous Hussy*, Stacey Rozich

**Tell us a little more about the curating process.**

**JAY:** I curated with these guys. I brought the show to them. I like to work with people and be organic about it. I don't like to dominate things. So I came in and said, "Hey, let's put on a show together. What are your guys' thoughts?" And then we were able to all go and grow it together.

**STEVE:** Jay said, "Pick some artists that you guys like that would fit as well." So it was rad to pick and choose some people from our community.

**JAY:** And then Playboy was like, m"Hey show these people too. This person is sick," and we were like, "Done. This is rad." So it was really just a super easy, really well maintained, good-looking crew.

**How'd you choose the artists you chose and what did you tell them?**

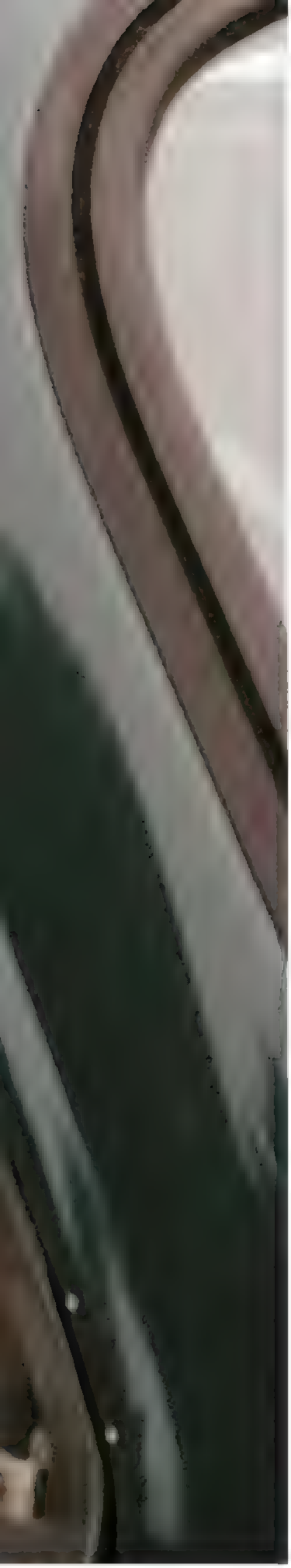
**JAY:** I hate themes. We could have said, "Everyone interpret the Playboy bunny." It could happen, but I don't give a shit about that.

**STEVE:** A lot of artists really don't like theme shows. I think if you just say, "Okay just do the bunny," that's too easy. All of our artists have a lot more personality, and we're very loose with them. We work with them because we appreciate their art, and so if you push them in this really narrow theme you're going to get a poor product.

**JAY:** Playboy magazine has never told its artists to do "Playboy art"; they just chose good artists to be in Playboy and then let them loose. So I think the heart of our show really represents the magazine in that way. It speaks of Playboy without relying on a weird theme.

*Untitled*, Tamara Santibanez

*Fragaria* Mol y Stee e



**Are there any artists or pieces that you're especially stoked on?**

**STEVE:** We love them all

**FRED:** I think it's very diverse. It's not all illustrators. It's not all oil painters. There's a good range of everything. So I think that really helps the show feel balanced.

**JAY:** If you were to take a picture of the show, and a picture of the party of the show, and you put it into the full magazine, you'd think, "Oh, this a narrative without even being a thing." You'd just feel that organically. There are photographs and there are drawings. It would come off as an art book immediately.

**Speaking of the party. I hear that there will be chicken? Did I hear that right?**

**FRED:** Max and I have a restaurant right across the street. One goal of Slow Culture is to have a physical space that people can come and share that together. It's not just reading the magazine or seeing it online; it's a place where you can physically come see it and make new friends—go hang out, grab a drink across the street.

**STEVE:** Group shows can be a nightmare but this has been one of the most pleasant experiences.

**JAY:** This show is very affordable as well. I wanted smaller pieces. Stuff that would look great in your house, and a piece you could pick up immediately right from the show. Then you could bring a little piece right from the mag into your home. I'm really excited about that aspect.

**STEVE:** That's another great part about this. Seeing a lot of these artists that do large scale work and being able to get a small thing and make it affordable for the fans. That's rad that we can create that atmosphere for people.

**FRED:** Everyone wants to go big when you do a group show. Then the piece is 50K or something.

**JAY:** Everyone wants to be the biggest piece in there. I'd rather take one or two small pieces. Keep it fun. It's going to lay out all perfect museum style. It's not going to be all salon crazy. It's going to be classy as fuck.

**Is there anything else you'd like people to know about the show?**

**JAY:** I want the reader to be excited about finding new art. Someone reading the magazine, seeing this art, and learning more about it—with each issue that comes out they can say, "Oh wow, I recognize that; I'm learning about more art." They keep coming back. That's my main goal for people.

**FRED:** There's this stigma that maybe you have to know about this artist or you have to know this history of it. You don't really have to. It really boils down to, if you like it you like it. If you like it and you want to look at it every day, then that's the right piece of art for you. I think that's the most important thing.

**JAY:** No ego. Even though it's a high class event, it's for everyone. Everyone's invited. There's also something cool about living a fancy life but partying really dirty.

**This is shaping up to be a real community event. That speaks to it not being a cookie-cutter, shrink-wrapped art show.**

**JAY:** It's a cultural event with one of America's biggest cultural icons. I think the show is putting those things together and displaying that, and I think that once you see the show, it's going to be extremely obvious how excited the community is about this. It's going to be brilliant. You're welcome! [laughter]

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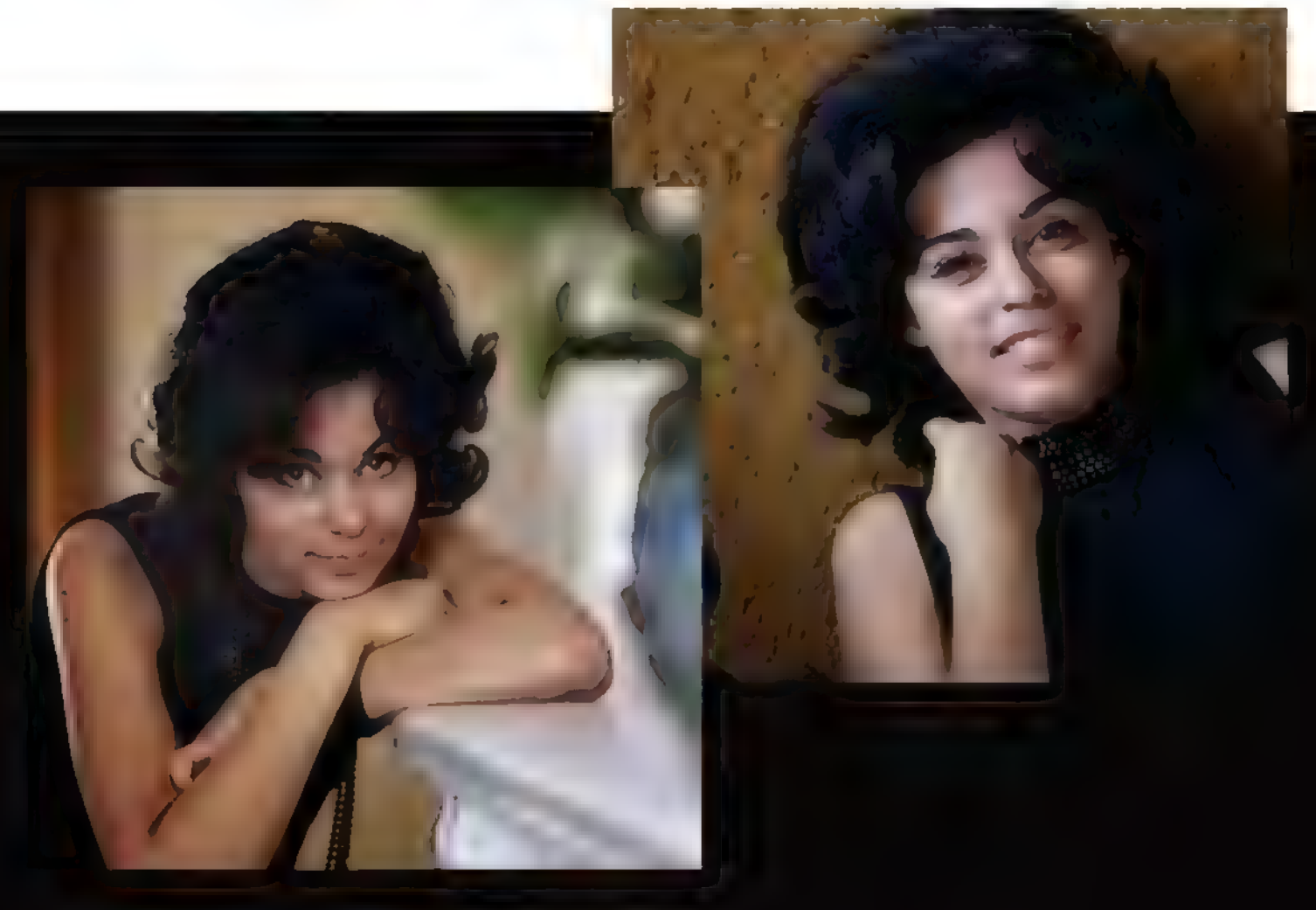
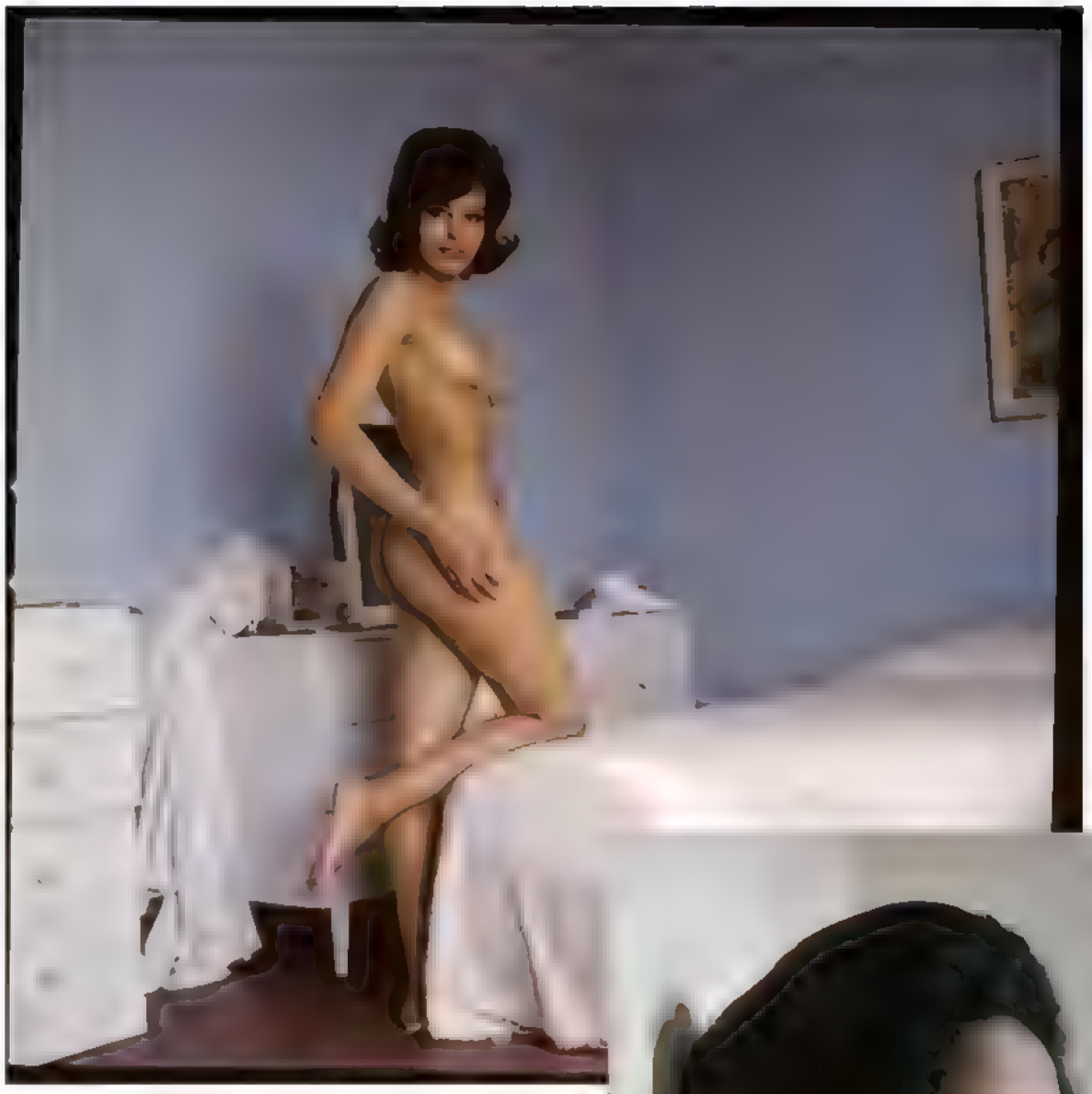
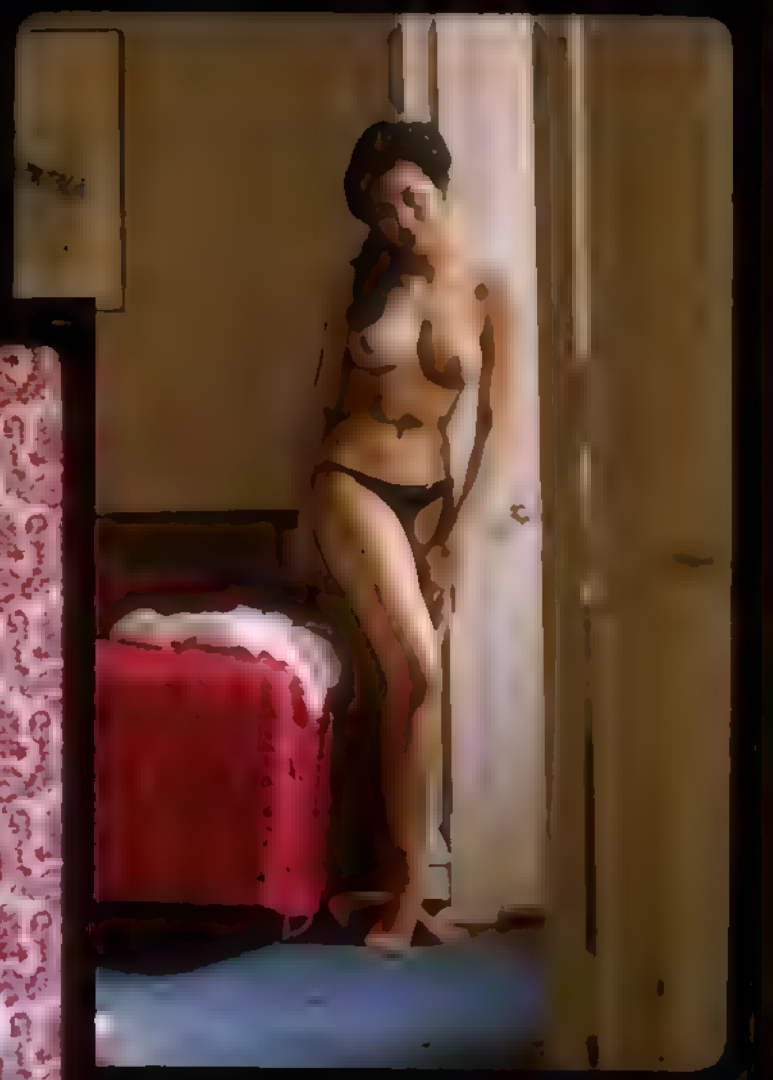
# Seize the Day With Jennifer Jackson

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

While every Playmate is unique, not all our record breakers – Triplet threat Jennifer Jackson is both. Enjoy this gallery of outtakes starring the spirited sensation—our March 1965 Playmate, a Playboy Bunny, and Playboy's first-ever Black Playmate







# Is a Resurrection of the Equal Rights Amendment Near?

In 1982, the Equal Rights Amendment—the first constitutional effort to protect women's rights in a comprehensive way—died in Congress. Now, activists like Natalie White, Lizzy Jagger, Patricia Arquette and Kamala Lopez are fighting for its ratification

BY **LIZ SUMAN**

PHOTO BY **NATALIE WHITE/WHITEBOX NYC**

Before sundown one sticky evening last July, New York based artist-activist Natalie White quietly approached the U.S. Capitol Building, dipped a brush into a white Starbucks cup filled with lipstick-red craft paint and brushed "ERA NOW" in large, even strokes at the foot of Congress's front door. The temporary welcome mat served as a finale to "Natalie White for Equal Rights," the artist's creative campaign designed to raise awareness about the 94-year-old Equal Rights Amendment, or ERA, which, if ratified to the Constitution, would become the first piece of inclusive federal women's rights legislation in U.S. history.

Two weeks later, two Capitol police officers flew to New York and showed up at White's front door, but her Brooklyn apartment was empty. When White, still in D.C., learned there was a warrant out for her arrest, she reached out to a friend, famous civil rights attorney Ron Kuby, who has a long history of high-profile cases involving both free speech and public nudity, to facilitate her surrender and arrest. In the early hours of August 11, White walked through the doors of a police station on 119 D Street and turned herself in. Six month later, she stood on criminal trial in Washington, D.C. for what she argued was her First Amendment right to free speech and peaceful assembly.

White represented herself during the trial, and turned her opening statement into a 20-minute monologue in which she defended her "ERA NOW" action and made a case to Congress to ratify the constitutional amendment.

"I didn't carve anything into the sidewalk," she told the judge. "I didn't use an explosive device. I didn't write 'Death to Congress.' My words were meant to tell Congress that the ERA is not dead. Women still want equal rights. My intentions were purely political."

She also incorporated a litany of facts about international women's rights into her courtroom performance. "Over 30 million women and children are currently living in poverty, who wouldn't be if women were just paid equally," she explained. "The Equal Rights Amendment could end systemic pay discrimination."

After two days of proceedings, the court sentenced White to a small fine and a six-month order to stay away from the Capitol, save for ERA-related meetings with lawmakers, an uncommon provision that White personally negotiated. In spite of the guilty verdict, she left the courtroom feeling she had gained more than she'd lost.

While the prosecution had spent the trial debating the merits of washable craft paint, White had used it to capitalize on the fortuitous timing of her trial date and the crackling political energy surrounding the Women's March and Trump's inauguration, moving her stage from the Capitol's steps to a courtroom to shine a brighter spotlight on the ERA.

"When I painted 'ERA NOW' in front of the Capitol Building in July, no one had any idea who was going to become president. There was no Women's March planned. I had nothing to do with setting the trial date; it was set by the judge. The trial just so happened to randomly be set for January 17 and 18; the Inauguration was on January 20; the Women's March was on the 21st. It was the perfect storm."

In 1982, the ERA died in Congress, falling three state ratifications short of the 38-state threshold. Had it been ratified, it would have become the Constitution's 27th Amendment, the last having set the legal voting age to 18, 11 years earlier. More important, it would have been the first time women's rights had ever been constitutionally protected in a comprehensive way.

Most people incorrectly assume gender equality is already covered by the 14th Amendment. According to a recent poll commissioned by the Equal Rights Coalition, for example, 80 percent of respondents believe "men and women are al-

**If ratified, the ERA would become the first piece of inclusive federal women's rights legislation in U.S. history.**

PASS the
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ready guaranteed equal rights in the U.S. Constitution." In reality, the 14th Amendment doesn't actively protect equal gender rights. "Certainly the Constitution does not require discrimination on the basis of sex," the late conservative Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia once explained. "The only issue is whether it prohibits it. It doesn't."

The amendment originally died in Congress in the midst of anti-ERA campaigns led by conservative activists such as the late Phyllis Schlafly, who argued that the ERA's failure to address biological differences between men and women would lead to unwanted societal repercussions ranging from mandatory universal draft requirements to the loss of child custody rights.

For decades, equal rights activists had abandoned hope that the legislation could be resurrected. But then Donald Trump was elected president. Before that, more and more politicians had begun to balk about the gender wage gap, even as it gained traction as a major issue in the 2016 presidential election. Now, women from all walks of life are revisiting the Equal Rights Amendment as a necessary piece of legislation to protect them in a time when ideological divisiveness and partisanship—not human rights—determine U.S. policy.

White is one such woman, and her device of activism is art in a variety of forms: photography exhibits featuring her signature nude self-portraits; acts of creative protest, like the "ERA NOW" calling card she left for Congress; and fact-riddled videos and performance art, like her recent demonstration at trial. White's pro-ERA efforts began after she learned that the U.S. had dropped eight spots on the World Economic Forum's 2015 Global Gender Gap Report, to 28th place. Friend and Free the Nipple actress Sarabeth Stroller helped White recognize the connection between the gender wage gap and the ERA.

"I couldn't believe that such a massive pay gap could exist in the United States of America," White says. "That's when Sarabeth told me about the Equal Rights Amendment and how it had never been ratified. That really changed my life."

Joining White and Stroller in their effort are a slew of famous friends, including actress Lizzy Jagger, Oscar winner Patricia Arquette, and Kamala Lopez, founder of the ERA Education Project. Together, they form just one branch of an increasingly vocal network of marquee names harnessing their visibility in support of the amendment. Arquette famously used her Academy Award acceptance speech for best supporting actress to discuss equal pay; Lopez's film Equal Means Equal is now considered a sort of cinematic bible on the ERA.

"Natalie and Kamala are working full-time on the ERA and activism," says Jagger of the group's ERA efforts. "Sarabeth and I are working on it part-time Patricia is constantly traveling to meet with all different women's groups. [There's] a surprisingly small group of women trying to spread the word."

According to Jagger, simply raising awareness is just one of the challenges this group faces. "If you watched Gloria Steineim's speech, and in all of the televised speeches during the Women's March, no one mentioned the Equal Rights Amendment," she notes. "Even though we have this momentum and it feels like women want equal rights, no one's attaching the word amendment to the end of that. There's no clear message in the current women's movement, and we've had a hard time being heard."

Activists outside of White's circle have had a hard time being heard as well. In 2015, the same year as Arquette's speech, Meryl Streep sent a letter and a book about the ERA to every member of Congress, asking them to "stand up for equality for your mother, your daughter, your sister, your wife or yourself by actively supporting the Equal Rights Amendment." She received only five responses.

Now, a mere two years later, the conversation seems to be changing at a rapid pace, with more people both inside and outside of government taking interest in the ERA. On March 22, Nevada became the first state to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment in 40 years—35 years to the day after the congressional deadline. "People are too quick to be dismissive here of what we are doing with the ERA," Senator Pat Spearman, the bill's chief sponsor, told the Las Vegas Review-Journal. "What Nevada will do is lead the way, and the other two states will come quickly." Nevada has the second-highest population of female lawmakers in any other state legislature; nearly 40 percent are women. "It is never too late to bring equality to all. Never. As far as I am concerned, the effort to get the ERA passed in Nevada is a just and righteous cause," Spearman said. Republican Robin Titus, however, likened Nevada's post-deadline ruling as "political theatrics."

On the surface, if ratifying post-deadline seems like nothing more than symbolism, that's exactly the point. ERA supporters argue that such efforts could force Washington to decide whether amendments are still valid after deadline, citing Congress's first extension of the ERA from 1979 to 1982 as a precedent

Proponents of the amendment are working hard to make this happen. Seven states other than Nevada have resolutions on the table in 2017 and organizations like the National Organization for Women are now focusing on state legislatures that have exhibited strong support for the ERA in recent years, such as Virginia and Illinois. Whether Nevada's ruling is a precursor to the ERA becoming the first new amendment to the U.S. Constitution in 25 years or just a ceremonial gesture, it is the latest sign that a Trump-era women's movement is not only alive but also extremely well.

HMUA **Taylor Jazz | @taylor_jazz**
Location **@ocmansion**

PLAYMATE

**Welcome to the Playboy family, we are delighted to have you grace the cover of Australia!** Thank you. It is literally a dream come true. Playboy is a global brand and has such an incredible history. It goes beyond just adult entertainment; it is a part of the social fabric of society. I am so honored to become a part of that legacy.

**What do you think of when it comes to Playboy and our iconic bunny?** The bunny is not just an aspirational icon, but promises an aesthetic that is what most adult models wish to be known for. Growing up in my late teens and early twenties I recall idolizing Playboy cover girls such as Farrah Fawcett, Bo Derek and Pamela Anderson. For me, the Playboy bunny has always been a sign of self-confidence and beauty.

**Have you ever been to Australia? If no, would you like to visit someday?** I have not been to Australia, but I really would like to visit someday. There are so many amazing places in Australia and I believe it would be an incredible experience.

**Where's your favorite vacation destination and why?** Hawaii has always been my favorite vacation destination. I love island hopping and experiencing the beautiful exotic beaches with crystal clear waters. I also love horseback riding while taking in the majestic beauty of the landscapes. It truly is a romantic destination.

**Do you prefer the beach or the pool?** I prefer beaches over pools. I love the feel of the sand between my toes and the ocean breeze blowing through my hair. There is nothing better than relaxing under a palm frond sunshade, drinking mojitos and reading my favorite novel.

**Summer or winter?** Summer! Less clothes obviously! Although, I do enjoy cuddling up in front of a fire on a cold winter evening.

**If you could be any animal, what would you be and why?** A cougar, LOL. Cougars are known for being powerful and agile hunters with a strong feminine intuition.

**Describe yourself using 3 adjectives:** Ambitious, Adventurous and Erotic

**Wildest place you've had sex:** The one that comes to mind, is the time I had sex beneath a waterfall at a public park. It was exhilarating knowing we could be caught at any moment. I found that I loved the exhibitionism. It's probably what started me on the way to being an adult digital creator.

**Favorite position:** That's a tough one. It is a toss-up between doggy-style and riding cowgirl. I love when my hips are grabbed tightly from behind and used for leverage. However, I equally love being touched while on top and seeing how much he is enjoying what I'm doing!

**Please or be pleased?** A bit of both actually. As I said, I love riding and seeing how I please him. I also love the attention and being pleased, where my orgasm is the center of his universe.

**What is your ideal dream date?** A romantic dinner on a tropical beach and watching the sunset over the ocean. Then capping the night off with an erotic nude swim and multiple orgasms.

**Who is your biggest influence and why?** A My mom has always been my biggest influence. She is a very passionate, strong-willed, independent woman. She has always taught me to live my life to the fullest without any regrets.

**If you can change any one thing in the world, what would it be and why?** Judgment, and the hypocrisy that comes with it. As an adult content creator, and also as a mom, I am often the subject of criticism. That judgment is symptomatic of a cancer on society. One where discernment negatively impacts people's ability to live positive and constructive lives. When judgment is set aside, we can learn from one another and live fulfilling and happier lives. Words to live by: Live, Learn, Laugh, Love.

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# How to Handle Your Girlfriend's Pregnancy Scare

BY DANA HAMILTON

PHOTO BY SHUTTERSTOCK

Pro-tip: Don't try to convince her she isn't pregnant. Just be a source of calm.

We've all been there. You've been enjoying a worry-free sex life with your partner. Life has been good. And then she looks at the calendar and starts frantically doing math like Russell Crowe in A Beautiful Mind.

It hits her. Her period is late, and you two may have been less than diligent with protection. Even if you were diligent, there is a chance—a tiny one, but a chance nonetheless—that she's pregnant.

You start googling. "How late does someone need to be before being concerned about pregnancy?" "How accurate are OTC pregnancy tests?" "Reasons a period can be late besides pregnancy?" You're about to lose your damn mind.

A day late turns into two days late, then five days late, then a full week. All the pregnancy tests have one line on them instead of two. But if everything was okay, she would have gotten her period by now, right? Right? It's an awful cycle, and it gets worse with each passing day because stress causes her period to be delayed even more (which is something you learned from Google).

It's an awful situation. But there are some things you can do.

**Let her act irrationally. Just fucking do it.**

Does your girlfriend want to take a pregnancy test every day her period is late even though the past four tests said she was in the clear? Did she read somewhere that parsley tea helps induce menstruation, so she started drinking five cups a day of something that tastes like lawn clippings? Does she want to take a day off of work because she can't focus? All of this sound a little insane, right? Wrong. Let her do these things, and don't judge for it. Let her buy the 38-pack of pregnancy tests from Costco and use every single one. Let her drink her voodoo tea. Let her call out of work. Don't say a word.

**Don't keep assuring her she's not pregnant.**

You may think this will help calm her down. It won't. Instead tell her that—no matter what—it's going to be okay. Assure her you're not going anywhere—now is not the time to ghost, either physically or emotionally—and you two will figure it out regardless of the outcome. If you keep just saying, "I'm sure you're not pregnant" over and over, it will come off as dismissive and infuriate her. The truth is, unless Ms. Frizzle shrinks you down and takes you on an adventure inside your partner's uterus, you don't know.

**Don't pressure her.**

Ideally, early on in your relationship you would have had a conversation about what you would do in case of an unplanned pregnancy, so hopefully that's already settled. If you haven't, wait for her to come to you instead of sharing your plan unprompted. If you're in a caring, loving relationship, she most likely will come to you—either to ask for your opinion or share what she would like to do with her body—but be patient and wait until that time comes. Sharing your thoughts when you haven't been asked can come across as patronizing, pressuring or manipulative, even if that's not your intention. Plus, she likely figured out what she would do in this situation long before you came into the picture. She has known her stance on what she wants to do with her body since the first time she had sex, and it's important to respect that. If she asks for your opinion, give it—but only then. No exceptions.

IF SHE ASKS FOR YOUR OPINION, GIVE IT—BUT ONLY THEN. NO EXCEPTIONS.

**Be a calm source of support.**

Easier said than done, right? Freaking out alongside her or having an emotional outburst will increase her feelings of panic and make her feel like she's responsible for both her feelings and yours. Be a source of comfort and calm for her. You're allowed to have feelings, too, but rely on a professional (i.e. a therapist) to help you manage them instead of going to your support network of friends and family. For privacy's sake, she may not want people who

know her to know what's going on.

Depending on which state she lives in, she may have to jump through hoops to access the healthcare she needs. If she wants to make a doctor's appointment but doesn't know where to start or what the laws are in her state, she may feel too overwhelmed to explore her options. Help her look into them. Offer to help with research and securing appointments. Regardless of her decision, she's going to have to see a doctor—even for the first step of getting tests done if her period doesn't come.

**Recommit to safer sex.**

Let's say this scare eventually passes. You don't want to be in this situation again, right? The only way to do that is to recommit to consistently using a reliable birth control method. If you've slacked off on using condoms, now's the time to get a Costco membership and stock up. They're available without a prescription and they're just as effective as birth control when used properly. Remember: You can cause pregnancy 30 days a month, but she can only get pregnant on three or four days.

If she wants to track her cycle or take the pill or get an IUD, that's her decision alone. Don't pressure her because, remember, not all people's bodies can handle the harsh side effects of birth control's synthetic hormones or a copper wishbone shoved inside their pussy. If she does make an appointment to look into options, ask if she'd like you to come with her for moral support.

# Hearts and Minds and Rhino Horns

A week in the bush with VETPAW, a veterans' organization fighting to save endangered African wildlife while healing the wounds of war

BY **PETER SIMEK**

PHOTOS BY **NIALL BEDDY & MICHAEL O'LEARY**

It is just past one A M. and I am deep in the South African bush with Ryan Tate, a 33-year-old native of Fort Myers, Florida and former United States marine. We are following the perimeter of an electrified fence that surrounds a 26,000-hectare private wildlife preserve situated in the northern fringes of Limpopo province. Just over the horizon lies the tri-national border between South Africa, Zimbabwe and Mozambique, a hotbed of smuggling nicknamed Crooks Corner.

In recent years some denizens of Crooks Corner have been trafficking in a new and peculiar contraband: rhinoceros horn. Between 2007 and 2014 rhino poaching increased by 9,000 percent; some 7,245 rhinos have been killed in the past decade. Most rhino species are now endangered, which is why Tate is out here, under cover of night. In 2013 Tate founded Veterans Empowered to Protect African Wildlife, or VETPAW, an antipoaching security organization staffed by U.S. military veterans who use the skills they sharpened in war to combat poaching in Africa. After launching in Tanzania—a rocky start, but more on that later—VETPAW has spent the past three years patrolling this private South African wildlife preserve that's home to all of Africa's "big five": lions, leopards, giraffes, water buffalo and one of the few thriving rhino herds left in the region.

Before landing on the continent, the closest Tate had ever come to African fauna was at a local zoo. Now he is one of the more controversial figures in the world of wildlife conservation. Some laud VETPAW for its innovative approach to the poaching problem—offering veterans a way to lend their military training to a peacetime cause. Others see Tate's organization as a dangerous misapplication of American-style militarization to an already violent corner of the world.

Tate is decked out head-to-toe in camouflage, a pistol on his hip. He points a flashlight at some human footprints alongside a tangle of impala tracks. He picks up a stick and measures a print. It looks like the sole of a worker's boot, probably belonging to one of the men from the nearby Venda tribal villages who slip under the fence each day to work on the property. But a second set of prints, this one from a pair of sneakers, concerns Tate. They seem to have come from the same direction as the worker, and Tate knows that those villages are also home to suspected poachers.

Apparently animals aren't the only ones prowling the darkness beyond the fence.

Many veterans struggle to adjust to life after combat, but Ryan Tate wasn't one of them  not at first, anyway. He served in Ramadi during the bloody years of 2005 and 2006. He was the point man on neighborhood patrols. Each time he busted down a door, it was "like playing Russian roulette," he says. But he loved his time in Iraq; it was "just like being a G I. Joe." When it was over, he found a job on a security detail for the Department of State, where he served as a bodyguard for dignitaries including Hillary Clinton. As boring as it was at times, Tate took pride in the work, which matched his military training with a career that served his

Members of team VETPAW circa June 2018, with founder Ryan Tate standing second from left.

country. The only curious thing he noticed following his military tours was that he no longer got the same adrenaline kick riding dirt bikes.

Then, one Sunday afternoon in 2012, Tate was home on his couch in New York City, watching a nature documentary, when he saw shots of elephants with bloody stumps where their tusks once were and rhinos with their faces hacked off. For five days he couldn't bring himself to leave his apartment. He called in sick to work. He wept uncontrollably. He didn't understand what was happening

Tate was angry; he wanted to fight. He wanted to fly to Africa and "kick some ass." But he also felt helpless, bewildered. How had he not known such horrible things were going on in the world? Why couldn't he do anything about it? It took him almost six years to realize that the rage and sadness he was feeling that week were bound up in emotions he'd buried with his experience of war.

"It unscrewed the lid," Tate says back at VETPAW camp. (In the light of day, Tate has broad shoulders, thick forearms and an intense gaze, but when he smiles, his bearded cheeks flash a rosy red.) "You see a lot of things in war. You see children die. You see your friends die. You take lives. You destroy homes. You're sleeping at night and bombs are going off. Your next-door neighbor's house

When Tate finally dragged himself back to work, he did so with a new sense of purpose. Somehow, he would get to Africa. He would recruit fellow veterans to join him, and together they would use their military skills to counter the poaching epidemic. He believed that a lot of things he and his fellow soldiers did in Iraq and Afghanistan—gathering intelligence, disrupting terrorist networks, conducting war zone diplomacy, halting the flow of contraband would translate into the field.

It took a few months of leveraging contacts in the State Department to generate interest in his new venture. VETPAW's first break came in 2013 when officials from Tanzania invited his young organization to train their rangers. Tate and five other vets dropped into the East African nation, where they resided in government housing, drove government-issued Land Cruisers and flew around in government helicopters. The operation focused mostly on gathering intelligence on poaching networks.

"I wanted to be a force multiplier," he says. "I wanted to take these park rangers and make them the equivalent of 20 park rangers."

The approach seemed effective. Working alongside local rangers, VETPAW managed to identify several poaching networks. Tate sums up their MO with a story: After rangers had apprehended a poacher, Tate came to have a talk. The suspect was a middleman, a guy who paid off local poachers with money from the larger syndicates that trafficked in the rhino horns. Tate saw an opportunity.

VETPAW's conservation efforts include humanely removing the horns of some rhinos before poachers can get to them

As he had so many times in Iraq, he sat the man down and asked him if he had a wife or kids. is getting raided and gunshots are fired and women are screaming. These people have to live with that. That wore on me."

"Yeah, yeah, I have two daughters," the man said.

"You know what, man?" Tate said. "I know that you were just trying to provide for your children. I know that you've got to put food on the table."

The man nodded. Tate continued.

"But what you're actually doing by poaching these animals is you're destroying the heritage and the future of your community," Tate recalls saying. "If you don't have these animals, your community will crumble and criminals and terrorists will thrive in this region. What you're doing by providing for your kids in a dishonorable way is you're taking away their future. You're actually not providing for them."

The next day, Tate says, the man led the soldiers and rangers to the homes of several other poachers.

The reason rhinos are being slaughtered in Africa is almost as incomprehensible as the drop in their population. Already established in China, a booming market for rhino horn has opened in Southeast Asia. Folk doctors grind down the horn, which is virtually identical in substance to the human fingernail, and sell the powder as a treatment for cancer and erectile dysfunction. These presumed effects and the amount rhino horn can fetch on the black market upward of R1,229,400.00 a kilogram, more than gold or cocaine—have transformed it into a status symbol for the growing middle class in countries like Vietnam. It is an appetite that underworld crime syndicates are more than happy to satisfy.

But the Southeast Asian market represents only one of the threats to wildlife in Africa, which has seen tremendous declines in populations of elephants, giraffes, lions and other animals. Natural habitats are shrinking as the human population expands. Political corruption often undermines official antipoaching and conservation policies. Different countries employ differing approaches to conservation, with varying degrees of success, and a crowded nonprofit and NGO sector struggles to focus on a singular strategy. The wildlife crisis touches on many of Africa's other crises: overpopulation, resource mismanagement, unproductive intrusion from well-meaning outsiders and deeply entrenched inequality that dates back to colonialism

This is the world Tate and his veterans entered when they started working with the government of Tanzania. Tate soon discovered it was a combustible environment. In early 2015, just before they set out on the mission, a now former member of Tate's team named Kinessa Johnson gave an interview at the National Shooting Sports Foundation's annual SHOT Show in Las Vegas in which she said she wanted to "kill some bad guys and do some good." When the interview surfaced online months later, the Tanzanian government asked VETPAW to leave the country.

Johnson's comments struck a nerve with governments and organizations concerned that the introduction of foreign military personnel would further militarize the poaching crisis, which had already seen increased activity of heavily armed poachers in places such as Kruger National Park. Ever since the experience in Tanzania, Tate has been focused on refining his model—tempering the "kick some ass" fantasies he'd nurtured a few years earlier. He found the preserve in South Africa essentially by going door-to-door, looking for landowners who would accept free security services in exchange for providing VETPAW a base of operations. (VETPAW pays its veterans by raising money, mostly from American donors.) The goal: to create antipoaching teams that do more than conduct raids and collect intelligence. Tate wants to offer monitoring, security and training services that can be easily adopted around the continent.

VETPAW's rangers typically rotate through three-month deployments; at any given time four to six veterans are on the ground. The soldiers' days are framed by morning and evening patrols and shifts with Niall Bedzer, an Irish expat who runs the preserve's rhino-monitoring program, helping him keep tabs on the movement of the herd. After nightfall, they head into the remote corners of the preserve, sometimes spending days camping out in the bush. They are there to monitor intruders but also to send a message. "We

> ***"In reality, when they're out here, they're not soldiers any more. They're conservationists."***

like to own the night," Tate says.

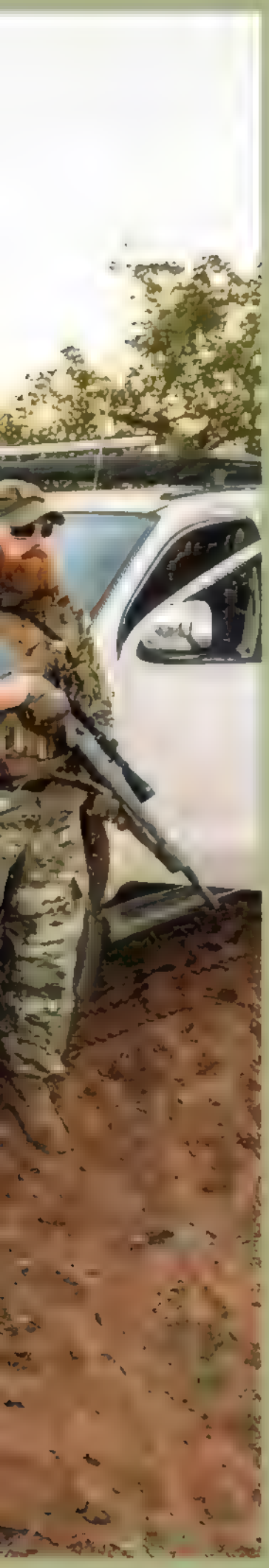
Team VETPAW lives in a small house fitted out like a stage set from M.A.S.H. Workout equipment is scattered around outside, and a hammock is strung between the branches of a massive baobab tree. Inside, the walls are covered with maps, whiteboards and signs warning of poisonous snakes

Beyond the property's gates, the preserve is massive—two dusty, tree-dotted valleys that nearly span the horizon. Great journeys of giraffes, two herds of elephants and countless impalas, kudu, muskrats, wildebeests and water buffalo roam the landscape. Down the center, a spindly mountain ridge is dotted with the clay brick walls of ancient Venda tribal ruins. One evening, Bedzer takes me up the side of one of these ridges to a rock shelter a hundred feet above the valley floor. Standing up to our ankles in baboon droppings, we see the faint outline of a rhino painted on the limestone wall—evidence that the giant mammals have been roaming these lands for millennia.

During full moons, when the sky is bright enough to navigate without a flashlight or torch, the patrols increase in frequency and length. But when the moon is in its first phases, evening life revolves around the braai pit, where the vets, most in their late 20s and early 30s, sit around a roaring fire while fresh springbok meat roasts nearby. The conversation drifts from black-mamba sightings to lighthearted ribbing. During the week I spend with the team, Ben Powers, a former Army field sniper, takes most of the punishment, thanks to his constant Tinder messaging

Watching the banter, I'm reminded that, as much as VETPAW is an antipoaching outfit, Tate's group is also serving another mission. The organization offers a way for these guys to recapture something of the camaraderie they knew during wartime, a less talked-about aspect of military withdrawal that can be just as demoralizing as the sudden drop in adrenaline. In this way, VETPAW is part of a growing number of organizations that are helping veterans via unconventional means—from Operation Surf, which teaches vets to ride the waves, to Force Blue, which employs them to help restore damaged coral reefs. According to a major RAND Corporation study, nearly 20 percent of Iraq and Afghanistan military vets suffer from PTSD or depression, and 19 percent suffer from traumatic brain injury—and yet as many as 50 percent of those diagnosed do not seek treatment. For vets who may not find their way to clinical care or whose recovery is long and slow with problems not so easy to diagnose, organizations like VETPAW offer a way to process the lingering hurt that is the quiet cost of service.

The sandy earch offers c ues to the movements of the an mals VETPAW seek to protect—and the humans hunting them.



"It's an empowerment thing for me, showing that these guys are more than just machines that go to war for the government and politics," Tate says. "The veteran skills that we're putting to use here, that's just one part of it."

The next day, I find Powers in camp, paging through a copy of Friedrich Nietzsche's Beyond Good and Evil. Life with VETPAW, Powers tells me, resembles deployment because of the regular patrols, the long hours in the field, the suiting up, the weapons and the communal life—but that's not all. Before he came to South Africa, he was working long hours for a steel-fabrication company, getting up at four A.M. for his commute and crashing into bed around nine or 10 at night.

"There was not a lot of time to spend working on myself," Powers says. "When on deployment, there's a lot of sitting around and learning how to utilize that time productively. That military community, that military lifestyle is what I missed."

In South Africa, Powers has something you can't find in therapy alone. He has time to read, work out and socialize with peers who know firsthand what it's like to have lived in a war zone. And unlike many other military contracting jobs, VETPAW offers an opportunity to recapture something of the military life on a mission that isn't, as Powers puts it, "gray."

"It is a pure kind of mission," he says.

Of course, no mission is 100 percent pure. The exile from Tanzania has left a mark on VETPAW that the organization still hasn't managed to shake. Several conservation organizations I reached out to either didn't respond to a request for comment or expressed reluctance to speak about VETPAW. One representative said off the record that he didn't want his name in an article associated with the group. The Game Rangers Association of Africa wouldn't speak to me about VETPAW but instead sent a five-page statement. Without naming names, it lists a variety of complaints about foreign ex-military entering the antipoaching sphere, including a lack of coordination and appreciation of cultural and political issues, and a tendency in the media to portray them as "the answer to Africa's poaching woes."

We are sitting around a firepit at VETPAW's camp when I present some of these concerns to Tate. He rests his elbows on his knees, as he often does when the conversation turns serious. He says that VETPAW has reached out to countless antipoaching organizations and government officials. Mostly he has found the various players standoffish and territorial. He tells a story about the manager of a nearby preserve, an Afrikaner, who refused VETPAW's offer to patrol his preserve for free. The Afrikaner bragged about how he had killed a poacher on his property and had the situation under control. A few weeks later, all but one of his rhinos were slaughtered.

Still, the lesson of Tanzania is not lost on Tate. VETPAW has changed the way it selects rangers, and this summer it conducted its first training and recruiting event in Arizona.

Over 10 days, veterans interested in joining up participated in a variety of training exercises, including role-playing scenarios designed to weed out hotheads.

"Just because you're Special Forces, Ricky Recon, Billy Badass, doesn't make you the perfect soldier for this," Tate says. "You're not in war. Even just a shot fired that doesn't hit anybody, those people are going to go tell the community, and then I got to answer to an elder. It can wreck everything. And certainly if you kill an innocent person, it's done."

Tate has also learned that success in this arena requires matching shows of force with acts of kindness. When VETPAW first arrived on the preserve, it was more common for nearby villagers to cross onto the land. Once, Tate received a call from one of his scouts that a suspected poacher was on the property. Tate went up in a helicopter with the game-preserve owner to track the intruder. They followed him all the way back to a village and brought the chopper down right in the man's front yard. It was a strong warning: There were new consequences for trespassing. A few weeks later, when the VETPAW team returned, they noticed the village well's water pump had broken. They came back and fixed it.

The specter of a jacked-up army implied by the Game Rangers Association's statement doesn't jibe with the VETPAW team members I meet on the ground. If anything, the organization resembles a Boy Scout camp for grown-ups. When they're not on antipoaching duty, the soldiers assist the preserve managers in running the property, capturing game, administering medicine to the elephants with the veterinarian, and feeding and monitoring the rhinos.

"In reality, when they're out here, they're not soldiers anymore," Tate says. "They're conservationists."

It's all part of Tate's ever-expanding vision for how his organization can not only save rhinos but also save veterans. He wants to add a garden near the barracks so vets suffering from severe PTSD can participate in horticultural therapy. He wants to expand VETPAW's footprint in Africa so more veterans can use their training for a good cause. To date, the group has been invited to set up a second base of operations at a private preserve in South Africa's Eastern Cape region. The team will include some who have experience running VETPAW's program and some new recruits. If all goes well, the new venture will demonstrate that the organization's success at protecting rhino herds, as well as its operational culture, will be replicable in any number of settings.

It is perhaps not surprising that while other antipoaching organizations have cast doubt on VETPAW, private preserve owners have taken note of its potential. VETPAW's approach reflects Tate's blunt, clear-headed style. The

Over one dramatic week, VETPAW teams up with local antipoaching forces to transport dozens of animals to other preserves.

complications around the various bureaucracies of the counter-poaching world—from governments to NGOs to protective personalities—he sees as noise. VETPAW can avoid all of it by focusing on a simple mission: protecting the rhinos that are placed under their care.

"We're just focusing on doing the work here and doing a good job," Tate says. "We've never had a poaching incident anywhere we've worked. Everyone wants to be the person who saves the rhino. I could give two shits who saves it. Just save it."

At the end of the day, the only real evidence of an antipoaching organization's success is the health of the wildlife. Although for security reasons VETPAW can't say how many rhinos now live on the preserve, since the organization began operating here the herd has remained healthy and is growing

Just as Tate's initial vision of VETPAW was tinged with G.I. Joe testosterone, my expectations of this trip borrowed heavily from war-movie tropes. But most of the action I see during my week with VETPAW is related to conservation, not confrontation. I watch the former grunts help the preserve managers conduct a game capture—a helicopter swinging back and forth across the bush, scaring kudu from the undergrowth and driving them miles across the property and straight into a set of massive green curtains, where hidden workers then herd the animals into the back of a truck. For a routine delivery of birth control to the elephant cows, the men spot the elephant herd and radio the preserve owner and the veterinarian, who swoop down in a helicopter and shoot medicine-filled darts into the scattering animals. "South Africans are the best helicopter pilots in the world," Tate says.

In a few weeks the vets will also participate in a dehorning. Rhino horns can be removed without harming the animals, and game managers have turned to this practice as a way of protecting them against poachers, who tend to shoot the animal and hack off its face, sometimes while the rhino is still alive

By the looks of it, that gruesome scene will not play out tonight on VETPAW's watch. Back in the bush on night patrol, we track the footprints into a thicket not far from the fence line. They could tell the story of an employee who simply forgot to wear the correct shoes to work. They could belong to a villager who hoped to catch a little bush meat to feed his family. Or they could be the imprints of a poacher. After following the tracks in a circle, Tate decides they will check with the preserve's foreman the following morning to see if any of his men showed up to work that day in the wrong shoes.

The moon is waxing. In a few weeks, when it is full, poachers will likely begin to sneak into the property once again. For now, the VETPAW team decides to take advantage of the quiet night and head in early. On the way back to camp, we pass a spotted owl perched on a fence post, glimpse some water buffalo in the shadows outside the headlights and dodge multiple herds of impala emitting their low-throated groans as the 4x4 rumbles by.

Then, as we approach the gate, our spotlights catch the soft gray outline of two female rhinos and a calf standing in a small clearing. We pause and watch. They are strange, primeval-looking beasts, hulking bodies affixed to stubby legs. It's difficult to discern what Darwinian advantage gave birth to their awkward form, so strong and yet so vulnerable. They crane their necks, dragging their R1,891,400.00 horns through a few bales of hay that have been left out for them to eat. One grunts and stomps her feet, kicking up dust. The calf jostles for position before the feed.

They are oblivious to the veterans in camouflage, who are now leaning out the windows of the nearby car, mouths agape in silent awe.

Georgina
OGDEN
Instagram @ginaogdenxox

My name is **Gina Ogden,** I'm 21 years old, and I'm a professional glamour and swimsuit model. Alongside modeling, I work as a ring girl and run a fashion and beauty blog.

**Such an absolute honor to have you on Playboy! What are your plans for the rest of the year?** I'm incredibly happy to be featured in Playboy it has been a huge goal of mine for the longest time. I have lots planned for my modeling career for the rest of this year including creating a calendar for 2023. I'm also taking part in beauty pageants such as Top model of England and Miss swimsuit UK.

**What is at the top of your list to achieve the most this year?** This year I'm focusing on accepting all opportunities that come my way. I want to create amazing memories and give everything my all. Having a feature in Playboy magazine was one of my main goals for 2022 so now that I have achieved this I feel extremely blessed.

**How did you come to shoot with the new platform Social Ikon?** I chose to work alongside Social Ikon as they're an amazing platform and brand that has the model's best interests at heart. To have been picked for the playboy photoshoot in Mallorca with them was a dream come true and I can't thank them enough for all they have done!

**What does it mean for you to be seen as a strong, intelligent, ambitious woman?** I feel the best way to be strong, intelligent, and ambitious is to follow your dreams and not let the opinions of others get in the way. It is important to me to go after what I want. If you are doing what makes you happy nothing else should matter. Remembering those that try and bring you down are already below you, people that are happy in themselves have no need to hate on others.

**What would you say makes you stand out in the industry?** I feel I stand out in the industry as although I have other models in which I look up to and take inspiration from, I am always authentically myself. There is only one me and I am unique. I feel my drive and ambition helps alongside this in order to make me stand out against other models.

**Where are we most likely to find you if not in front of the camera being glamorous?** When I'm not modeling, in my free time I enjoy going to the gym as it makes me feel my best when taking care of myself. I also love to spend lots of time with my friends and family.

**What are some of your biggest passions?** My biggest passion is my modeling career but besides this, I have a love for makeup and beauty. I have a degree in makeup for TV and film. I adore art and being creative, it is another one of my natural talents.

**3 ultimate deal-breakers when it comes to men?** A huge deal breaker for me in relationships is a partner that is controlling, with my modeling I need a man that is confident in himself to let me flourish in my career and know that if we are together, I only want him, and he should be happy to show me off.

**What are some of your best career highlights so far?** This social Ikon Playboy photoshoot has been a huge highlight thus far in my career! This has been a goal of mine and to have achieved it so young is honestly a dream come true. The whole experience of the modeling trip was just fabulous, the friends and memories made along the way are unforgettable. Another highlight of my modeling career is being in page 3 with the daily star. To see myself in large publications like these is just a surreal experience.

**Where do you see yourself in the next 5 years?** I'd love to have become even more successful within my modeling career. To feel that I am the best version of myself and truly happy.

**What is the wrong way to approach you as an admirer?** I don't like messages on Instagram with cheesy chat-up lines! I prefer to meet people in person as you can truly see their personalities.

**What can our readers expect from your Social Ikon profile, and can they catch up with you on them?** My social ikon page is going to be for my followers and fans to truly get to know the real me, it will be a place to see behind-the-scenes of my life and my glamour modeling.

**We are so happy to have gotten to know you a little bit! Any last words out there for our readers?** Love what you do and do what you love. Don't listen to anyone else who tells you not to do it! Xoxo

# Playboy Fiction: Insipidities

Joni longs for a life of the mind but settles for illicit visits with married men and sweaty hotel hookups with clients

WRITTEN BY **MARIE CALLOWAY** PHOTO BY **UNSPLASH**

David: In order to understand quantitative easing you have to understand what a bubble is. Basically, a bubble happens when the value of assets  that's stocks or houses or something  just starts going up so much that people feel like they're wealthier. They haven't actually gotten any more income, but the assets they own are worth more and more. Say you have a house and it triples in value and so you think of yourself  your net worth  as being a lot higher, so you go out and spend more money. That's called the wealth effect. Have you heard of that?

Joni kicks her shoe so that it skims right past David's ankle and lands beneath the blackboard where he's standing.

David turns to look at her. Their eyes meet briefly before each turns away, Joni's face flushing. She bites her bottom lip

Joni: No

They are in an empty classroom at Columbia, where David is a graduate student, a transplant from South Africa.

David· So the wealth effect is the fact that when the value of your assets rises you spend more of your income. You save less money because you feel like your house is doing the saving for you. So, asset bubbles, wealth effect. What happened in these recent bubbles was based in housing. A really high percentage of GDP growth in the 2000s was from people borrowing against the value of their homes, taking out loans on their homes and spending the money. Like if you bought....

David continues, but Joni does not hear. His voice is a sound that pleases her, that enters her and leaves her just the same.

She had genuinely wanted to learn when she asked David to tutor her  paid him R1,900.00 for his time and companionship—but she finds herself unable to follow. Impressive-sounding, incomprehensible words flow in and out of her ears, as if she were listening to a lecture in French. She focuses on the things she likes, sensual things: the sound of his accent, the tap of the chalk as he writes, the silhouette of his tall, slender body, the air of authority that being at the front of a classroom gives him.

And she likes the feeling of breaking a rule, of sneaking into an empty school she isn't even enrolled in after midnight, the sense of camaraderie she felt gliding through the large empty hallways in the dark with David. Perhaps it is the air of the illicit that makes her unable to focus on economics.

David: Do you have any questions?

David fetches the champagne she brought for them and the mugs he stole from the staff break room and sets them next to her. She slides her bottom across the black table, reaches up and gently places her arms around David's neck, softly kissing the sides

He doesn't stop her, but he hesitates. He is looking straight ahead, seeming not to know what to do. Joni runs her chubby fingers through his blond hair and continues to kiss his neck and ears. He kisses Joni's mouth lightly.

David's eyes reveal a trace of something he is normally able to suppress. He places his hand on Joni's thigh.

David: I'm going to get in trouble for kissing my students

They gather the champagne and mugs and walk to the staff room. The mood changes. Joni cannot keep the momentum going, does not know what to say to David now. He washes the mugs silently. When he is finished he looks past her as if to say it is the end of her lesson, time to go home now, school is done for the day

As they walk by David's office, Joni places her hand on the doorknob and turns to face it. She does not want to leave him. Joni looks over her shoulder at David

Joni: I have to show you something

**His guilt is getting in the way of her pleasure, yet it is also indirectly part of the cause of her desire for him.**

She walks into his office and sits at his desk, which is covered in a flurry of books and student papers.

David follows her, closing the door behind him but for an inch

David: What do you have to show me?

He sounds as if he knows she is up to something.

Joni stares shyly at the dull linoleum floor. She thinks about calling the whole game off, but she does not want to give up so easily. She thinks, I have to answer his question  he is the teacher, after all— and so she lifts her black dress to reveal large white breasts, sagging out of a purely decorative quarter-cup red lace bra.

David: Oh, those are impressive

Joni: See, it's cute. Because of the lace.

David: Yeah.

He nods absentmindedly.

Wordlessly, mindlessly, he approaches her, and his slender hand, ringed finger and all, reaches out and touches her breasts delicately, cups them. David always handles her so gently. He is the only man ever to have touched her in a way that was always pleasant. But six months after they met, friends of friends, she wonders if it is that same gentleness (timidity perhaps) that makes him run away after just a kiss. Will he finally give in tonight?

She places her fingers on his belt buckle and snakes toward the clasp. He sighs wearily.

David: It's getting late. You should probably go home.

She has been too rash, and David has panicked and sent her away.

David is married, afraid of taking advantage, afraid of intimacy. But Joni doesn't care. She wants him to get over it. She wants him to fuck her in his office. She has long fantasized about a professor or TA like David leaning her against the bookcases full of Marx and Ricardo and taking her. The fact that he is married and 15 years her senior only adds to it. His guilt is getting in the way of her pleasure, yet it is also indirectly part of the cause of her desire for him. How much longer will it be until she can feel pleasure? Or is it actually just the chase, the anticipation that she enjoys? It doesn't seem to matter. Time is running out. She is 23, too old  in her mind—to be a schoolgirl. Too old to be thrilled by sleeping with older men, married men.

A long cab ride home to her Alphabet City apartment  She stares out the window. New York is hideous, with gray dilapidated buildings and filthy streets mottled with failed asphalt and garbage heaps. And the people are even worse. It's like living inside an eternal cocaine comedown. Why does anyone live here?

In New York she always wants to break the rules because she can't fit in, isn't capable of it. She wants to want to learn about economics, but all she can focus on is sex with the man who is supposed to tutor her. She is a bimbo, and true to bimbo form she cannot accept it. Even though she always ends up like this, vaguely humiliated after his polite rejection "Misery and the Bimbo Form." Yet she will continue to surround herself with smart people like David.

*It is unsurprising but eye-opening how it follows, from the statement (often incorrectly attributed to Primo Levi) that Palestinians are the Jews' Jews, that whores are women's women. Textbook.*

*Honestly, one reason I sense that sex workers who aren't forced into the trade are subject to so much hatred is that the implication of their work is that the patriarchy doesn't spoil general heterosexual relations. And that a woman can use sex to her own ends. I don't mean that in an idealizing way regarding how sex work actually operates; I mean that there's a fundamental refusal of the premise that "sexual access" in itself is a kind of harm or wrong, which is what is absolutely implied when you hear about patriarchy being all about sexual access to women. It certainly is, in part, but that doesn't mean you confront the patriarchy when you deny sexual access.*

*I'm not sure I'm expressing this with the requisite nuance.*

*Put another way, it's the structures of sexual access, rather than the desire for it, that get conflated. And the latter usually supplants the former in critiques of sex work, porn and so on, and it tends to focus on women who find their sexuality viable. Not unproblematic, not painless, just viable. And not because they're brainwashed by patriarchy, but because they happen to be well-adjusted against the ubiquitous sexual conservatism.*

*But many people are deluded that we live in a world of sexual liberation. The mainline feminist argument is that women are not sexually liberated but men are—at women's expense. Not in my view. Men sexually exploit women all over the place. That's not a product of liberation but of the ongoing conservative organization of sexual exchange. The fact that women can't access men sexually in anything like a public and impersonal way says everything about this.*

George: You know, you remind me of…an actress from a French film.

Comparing a doughy ginger like Joni to a Karina or a Bardot is laughable. No, she is more reminiscent of a Todd Solondz character  But he knows that, and

he knows how to flatter her. Still, she has never been able to fully suspend her disbelief.

He had asked her to meet him in front of Coffee Shop on 16th Street near his office in Union Square, where he works as a bespoke shoe-maker. She feels embarrassed standing in front of such a place, with its garish blinking neon sign and NYU freshmen clientele and fried plantains covered in off-puttingly red ketchup.

**She isn't ashamed of the things she does for money; she's done worse for free.**

They have not seen each other in eight months. She likes his well-fitting corduroy suits, his blond hair and the thick-framed glasses he wore specifically because he's aware of Joni's infatuation with intellectuals

George is Joni's older married friend. She remembers part of their very first conversation:

Joni: Do you have a wife?

George: Yes, but I don't have a girlfriend.

But now, he tells her, he has five of them

George: Sometimes I feel bad, cream-pie-ing these 21-year-old Jewish girls on the floor of my office. But I'm like Don Draper. I'm thinking of pitching a column about my sexcapades to somewhere like Esquire or PLAYBOY, somewhere with real money.

Sensing Joni's disapproval, he defends himself.

George: In New York there are so many beautiful girls, it's like a buffet! I mean, wouldn't you?

Joni smiles, unsure of what to say.

George: Nah, you'd just have a bite of potato and go to bed.

They walk in silence. Joni does not want to go to his office but follows him there anyway.

George: I remember you being quiet. I don't remember you saying nothing.

It's true. She has still not forgiven him for the night after the Verso party.

Who goes to a Verso party?

Bitchy East Coast girls who grew up in an idyllic Boston suburb and went to Sarah Lawrence, who have parents who read books (instead of growing up in a cultural wasteland that exists solely to provide casino service and labor, in a family where avoiding teenage motherhood and attending a third-tier state college were almost unattainable achievements). Pompous girls who desperately want to be boys or lower in the hierarchy catering girls who serve a purely aesthetic and/or care role to the boys.

Mediocre, mean, arrogant boys. So many of them. More boys than subway rats. Rat Bastard who had twice (twice!) soberly hit and humiliated his girlfriend in public apropos of nothing. Now he is held up by New York as an example of a good male feminist in contrast to all the bad ones, and there are so many bad ones—but he's good, he says, because he critiques his own overwhelming but problematic instinct to protect women.

Joni heard a blonde catering girl squeal to him, "Your dog is such a Situationist!" and climbed out on the fire escape. Or tried to. Her sock caught the corner of the frame and she fell on her knees. ("Fuck!") Partygoers saw her and scoffed. She climbed down to the street and called George, not knowing who else.

They were in his office then too. She sat on that

**Joni guzzles the champagne and eats steak with her bare hands.**

rug the cream-pie rug, apparently—legs crossed, revealing pink panties, eating a rare steak with her bare hands. Chewing deeply into thick sinew, ripping it apart, myoglobin trickling between fleshy fingers—she licked it off like berry juice.

An "old-fashioned meat-and-potatoes British affair" is what George called it.

He gave the black delivery boy a 50 percent tip to impress her and she did feel happy, yet slightly embarrassed, when the kid jumped for joy.

She excused herself to go to the bathroom down the hall. She needed to expel the six tall boys of Bud Light, whose brackish taste she did not like but which she chose knowing they would sneer at her at the Verso party for drinking it. Those quiet looks that said so much. Sitting on the toilet in the dim gray bathroom, Joni imagined their disgust: Very tacky. She seems to pile on the carbs as heavily as her makeup. Graceless. Graceless.

She certainly felt graceless when she returned to find George holding her phone, looking through her

e-mail

George· Isn't that funny! You're having sex with everyone but me. Can get all these hot JAPs but can't get a hooker to do it with me.

Despite all the clammy, unwashed body parts that had been jammed inside her, she had never felt so violated by a man.

Joni's mind reels; why did she agree to meet with him today? She once liked him because he had taken her to see the delicate My Night at Maud's at Film Forum, had eaten steak tartare out of the palm of her hand at Balthazar ("like a good boy") and because she had sat in his office on calm summer afternoons sipping R75 00 iced tea, admiring the jovial, charming way he interacted with clients and how he gently, meticulously spent hours perfecting a child's tiny leather shoe.

But that seems long gone. Now there's just this. There is only ever this moment. An obnoxious alcoholic who trolls Tinder for girls (age range 18 to 25), too cowardly to admit to himself what he is doing (see: his wife's supposed "tacit agreement") yet too much of an asshole to be ashamed and not brag about it. He is a man who calls himself Super Dad for taking off one afternoon a week from cheating on his pregnant wife to bring his son to the park. He embraces no conclusion, no role entirely.

Joni's rule is that if you do something, you should do it completely. She would like to say that no matter how many flaws she has, she wants to fully experience the consequences of her actions. Her favorite example is how she tells herself she is an escort and so she is the most high-end escort one can be. At least when one weighs 162 pounds. She ignores the ways in which she does not measure up. She loves to make generalizations, black and white. It makes life more comprehensible. Amy, her old friend, had told her that relationships are a "dynamic process." But she wants a right party (Joni) and a wrong party (whomever she disagrees with), determined by completely static rules. Amy was now convinced she could not enable Joni to do evil things like date a married man. ("We don't do that!")

Joni hates moralizing. "Let us have a bit of fun first." She often thinks about Molly Bloom's soliloquy—has read it many times, listened to it being performed  but has not bothered with any other Joyce, does not care. She likes to read it at face value, feels validated by it. A bad feminist looking for a good time.

Of course, here she was with George, but did it count if she didn't verbalize it? Just flash a smile and play with her hair, forming the mosaic of George in her brain. After all, she was neither sleeping with George and having a torrid love affair nor ignoring him and, what  maybe telling his wife?

His wife. George's favorite pastime is justifying cheating on his pregnant wife.

George: I'm not saying I deserve a medal for what I did. Cleaning piss out of the sheets, rubbing vomit out of the carpet. And once when she was drunk, we were fighting and she was standing in the door of our bedroom and said, "You're not man enough to hit me." So, so I did. And I was made out to be the bad guy, when she started it! What was I supposed to do, Joni?

**His pungent whiskey smell nauseates Joni. He cannot stop telling her about his penis.**

As he says this he staggers toward Joni, grabs her wrists and presses his body to hers. His pungent whiskey smell nauseates Joni. He cannot stop telling her about his penis.

George: Do you think I'm a scumbag for having sex with a hooker? It was a classy R11,300.00 one. And I think I was quite a change of pace for her. First I thought, She's faking it, she's faking it, whatever, but then at the end I started to really give it to her and she says, "You are like a passionate Italian man, not British!" Some Russian girl who could barely speak English.

He hiccups.

George: Now I'm going to sit down and you're going to sit on your Uncle George's lap.

As he moves to sit she pushes him off her so that he falls to the floor, and she escapes. She cannot stand to talk to that kind of man for free.

Why is my life so lurid these days? she wonders as she begins to cycle—her thick, firm legs the only solid part of her, the only powerful part of her. Those legs that turn the wheels of the vintage banana-pudding-yellow cruiser, the one she bought for R1,150.00 on Long Island three months ago. The one her friends laugh at due to its rust and bodiless pedals but which she loves, truly loves.

The leftist reading group meets every Wednesday night at six. A different kind of left than the Verso

party crowd. People who've spent their lives working and avoiding work and sneaking away at work to read obscure Turkish communist texts, people whose parents couldn't pay for them to go to Harvard or Brown and who go on to intern at n+1. People who didn't secretly aspire to become socialites among The Nation's readership.

Sarah: —moved away from the Communist Party, put out things that were kind of crucial to the commie left in the 1960s and of course the 1970s and Bologna was also a leading intellectual working on oper…oprerr…workerism and some of the other things that are important at this time is a movement away from the traditional labor movements and the women's movement, the student movement coming in and having to redefine what the workers' movement was, now that it had been sort of starting to separate from the traditional labor movement. And so a lot of these articles are attempting to reiterate, like, what to do with that split. And the way that Tronti describes that I find really nice, that the moment of discovery has returned, that the time of political vanguards is over and that gives us a new way to discover political organization

A circle of chairs in a classroom.

Joni is late; she is always late. Late or not, it doesn't matter. She is never present. She drifts in and out of listening, does not care about any of this. Even her wish to care is vain and insincere. She wants to be an impressive orator, wants to destroy rat boys in political debates and wants someone to declare her intelligent. She wants to hang around now as much as she did when she first met them and thought to herself, These people are intelligent and compelling and I want to be them.

She nods at sophisticated-sounding remarks her fellow readers make and waits impatiently to gossip with the more socially competent members afterward. And they certainly gossip. Two hours later at a nearby bar, of a long-haired particularly odious and bespectacled Stalinist boy:

Paul: He wrote this shitty article and in the comments section, a scan of a kill order from his beloved Italian CP against leftcoms and Trots, and said, "Is this what is aspired to?" They write these shitty socdem papers. So boring. You can even tell who their Ph.D. advisors are 'cause they'll, like, wheel out the hobbyhorse of their advisor's old papers at any opportunity. [breathlessly] "This calls for guaranteed minimum income!" I don't get people who think leftist politics are about, like, somehow for 40 years we've failed to market these reforms right and we have to find some magic formula to sell them to people. If history hinges on these cretins' amateur-hour PR, then that's the most depressing thing ever—

And so on. She doesn't understand but loves the gossip, the tone, the ability to feel like an insider, as if she has some special knowledge (even if only superficially by association) that makes her privy to something no one else in New York knows. But she doesn't really know. Joni has been a part of the group for only four months. Joni decides that she can leave, that there is no chance of having anything to contribute, that she lacks all context. She has to leave, actually, because she must work tonight

"Are you going to be okay?"

The warm Manhattan night makes her feel calm but sickly. She breathes deeply. She is not drunk, yet the air will make her sober.

She hails a cab to the Renaissance Hotel.

Yes, she has to work. Unlike the real Marxists, Joni does not hate work. She only dreads everything leading up to work: how she must jam her legs into

**In stinging, shaming fluorescent light, heart racing, she assesses herself, pink clammy fingers spread on pink dry flesh.**

forever-running stockings and fasten unhookable hooks before finally throwing it all on the floor, telling herself that men don't even like lingerie anyway; the car sickness she feels as she clumsily attempts to apply eyeliner in the back of a cab; the lotion she rubs on the patches of missed leg hair before scraping it away with a pink disposable Bic. A boy once told her he understood the uneven division of affective labor and that's why he doesn't mind paying for girls on dates. If only clients were so understanding, paying her her hourly rate for the time it takes to get ready.

But tonight she does not do any of that. It does not feel necessary.

She stumbles into the elevator and presses her head against the metal for support. With her eyes closed and the cool, sticky feeling of the metal

pressed against her swollen face, she thinks back to several months before.

The day after her 23rd birthday, David had suddenly, cryptically asked her over Facebook Chat if she'd like to meet for coffee at Ninth Street Espresso. It's true that the night before they had shared a first kiss, and it's also true that they had held hands, running, laughing, pleasantly warm air in their faces, Joni's comically stocky legs pumping, trying to keep up with David's long slender ones. And it's even true that when they had stopped and David announced he couldn't go to the bar because he had to work, she had slapped him. He sputtered indignantly as she ran away, wide-eyed, manic and giggling. And it's true that when they met at Ninth Street Espresso she had cheerfully shown him the photos of her stumbling around half-naked in the bar the night before, near-blackout intoxicated.

David: Joni—I think you're very beautiful and sexy and really interesting. You're just my type.

Joni could not contain the smile her joyful expectations created, clutching her hand to her racing heart, thinking, Oh, he's complimenting me—he's going to ask me out!

David: But I'm not ready. I freaked out when you kissed me.

Stupefied silence.

Joni: I'm not good at these conversations.

David: I'm not either

A lull

Joni: [Pleadingly] I'm not…socially…adept… enough…to navigate…this conversation!

She stared at the ground, sucking on her thumb, and brushed her hair in front of her face.

David sighed softly. She hoped he saw her then: vacuous, struggling, not just unwilling but actually incapable of responding. His eyes stopped scanning; he changed into someone easier. The superficial but courteous and patient person she imagined he became when he interacted with his younger, slower students.

David: So did you read those books I gave you?

Joni: Yes, I really like Women as Lovers. But I didn't start the other one yet. Um.

They both stared at the adjacent wall.

Joni trembled. She could not stand sitting in uncomfortable silence—a situation she was intimately familiar with, one that never stopped feeling like suffocation. She suddenly nodded.

Joni: Will you walk me home, please?

Soon they stood in front of Joni's building.

David: So, see you around?

Joni nodded again, thinking, Not all boys can handle being slapped. Even though they all deserve it.

In her apartment complex's elevator she pressed her cheek against the metal doors, trying to cool her burning face.

Yes, that day was so humiliating. She isn't ashamed of the things she does for money; she knows she has done worse for free.

But now she is being paid. She is on a different date. A four-hour dinner date with an investment banker.

He does not comment on Joni's intoxication.

She holds him, strokes and gently pecks the top of his fat bald head. She feels genuine affection for her clients, but only in a customer-loyalty-program kind of way. (Thanks so much for coming!) Their intercourse is nothing much. Joni wonders how it is that this man, like so many men, arrived in middle age without ever learning how to touch a woman.

She guzzles the champagne the banker offers her. And again she eats room service steak with her bare

hands, lifting the fillet to her mouth and ripping it apart with her hands. Still, out of habit her mouth is closed, she chews primly. She sees but does not understand the banker's nonplussed expression.

She wipes her mouth on her arm and curls up next to the banker

It speaks volumes, though, that men don't achieve any sustained insight into how to have good sex. It's an indication of how back-to-front things are when sexual activity is an unpleasurable site of experience. Certain strains of feminism seem to take this awfulness as indicative of women's libidinal structure or something, like the inherent unpleasantness of sex. It's odd  I don't know. Sex should be a site of pleasure. Not in some natural Edenic sense but because it can be. Is that so naive? Obviously it's difficult, if not impossible, to extract sex from the asymmetries of patriarchal society, so sex is unpleasant perhaps to the degree that it exacerbates or makes manifest those inequalities. But in that sense, sex is no different from any social activity, including pleasant activities.[2]

She wakes up.

She sees bright light  white light.

She feels heavy in a white bed  a hotel bed.

She's curled up next to someone—her client.

She springs up like a Bobo doll, clutching the white comforter to her breasts.

Joni: Oh my God! I'm so sorry!

Bizarre, haunted, empty. Containing the desire to panic, to scream, to destroy. To confront herself How could you?

Client: It's all right. You were sleeping so soundly, I didn't want to wake you.

Her body feels, looks untouched. She wants to stick her fingers into herself to examine if there is any blood or semen, but her body is frozen with shame. All she feels capable of doing is fixating on the TV screen. It is suddenly captivating.

A long, smooth, panning shot of a sleek black gliding SUV cuts to another shot of a white father and son duo, wearing camouflage, saying, "Rebecca has been in the wrong Los Angeles."

Client: It's not fair they suspended that guy Whatever happened to free speech?

Joni: You're so right! Right, right, right, right, right.

In stinging, shaming fluorescent light, heart racing, she assesses herself, pink clammy fingers spread on pink dry flesh. Finds nothing amiss. Nothing new. Same old, same old.

Thank God he did not take advantage, she thinks.

Guilty and grateful, Joni tries to throw R9,400 00 of the R37,500 00 onto the counter but it lands on the floor.

She slinks away head down, walks self-consciously in the way one does when trying not to look drunk.

She tumbles headfirst into a cab. Feeling the cool leather seat stick against her face, feeling her drunkenly pliable body sway with the movement of the car, she thinks of Coetzee's protagonist in Disgrace, who in the back of his car has sex with an intoxicated streetwalker ("street worker," she corrects herself), one so intoxicated she cannot manage a single coherent word. To think she—Joni had gotten upset, wanted Coetzee to have a more enlightened view of sex workers. I'm not like that, she thought.

Joni does not want to think of what she actually is like. When her co-workers tell stories, they are not like hers, and they would cringe and say "Oh honey" if they knew. The bad whores have to be shamed, for they make the others look bad She instead focuses on her indignation at Coetzee.

At home she lies on her now blackened bed, bought secondhand from a discount mattress retailer out of Queens via Craigslist. It is, as it has been for the past three months, strewn with cigarette butts (Marlboro Lights). At first she tried to contain the butts to her bed, but now they soil the things she keeps on her floor: clothes (Forever 21), three thoroughly worn pairs of identical black shoes (Toms), 14 empty tall boys (Miller Lite), the book she has been semi-honestly telling people she's "reading right now" for the past seven months (Ann Rower), a broken R4,700.00 netbook (Acer) and an open tube of lipstick (Duane Reade). Her room is otherwise vacant.

# KATE MORINAGA

**Such an absolute honor to have you on Playboy! Talk to us about your career and what made you get into the industry?** I've been working as a fashion model since I was a kid, then just started a bikini model career about a few years ago. Being featured by Playboy and starting to have fans all over the world, it's been great so far, I'm grateful.

**What is your favorite thing to do?** I love anime. I'm actually very nerd. I love to spend time watching anime or reading comics.

**What does it mean for you to be seen as a strong, intelligent, ambitious woman?** Men usually aren't attracted to those types of women that much in Japan, but I think it's really sexy so I'm going to stick to my style and I like to be recognized as a strong smart independent woman.

**What would you say makes you stand out in the industry?** My look can be very mysterious and sometimes even difficult to guess my ethnicity but my personality is very Japanese. I don't think there's many people who have this kind of difference between their appearance and personality.

**What puts the biggest smile on your face?** My Grandma. I love her so much. Whenever I talk with her on the phone, she makes me smile.

**What are some of your biggest passions?** I've been really into workout and nutrition these days. It's drastically changed what to eat and how much I eat. I'm passionate about having a better body line.

**3 ultimate deal-breakers when it comes to men?** Unclean, selfish, liar. I'm really a giving person so selfish is a big turnoff for me.

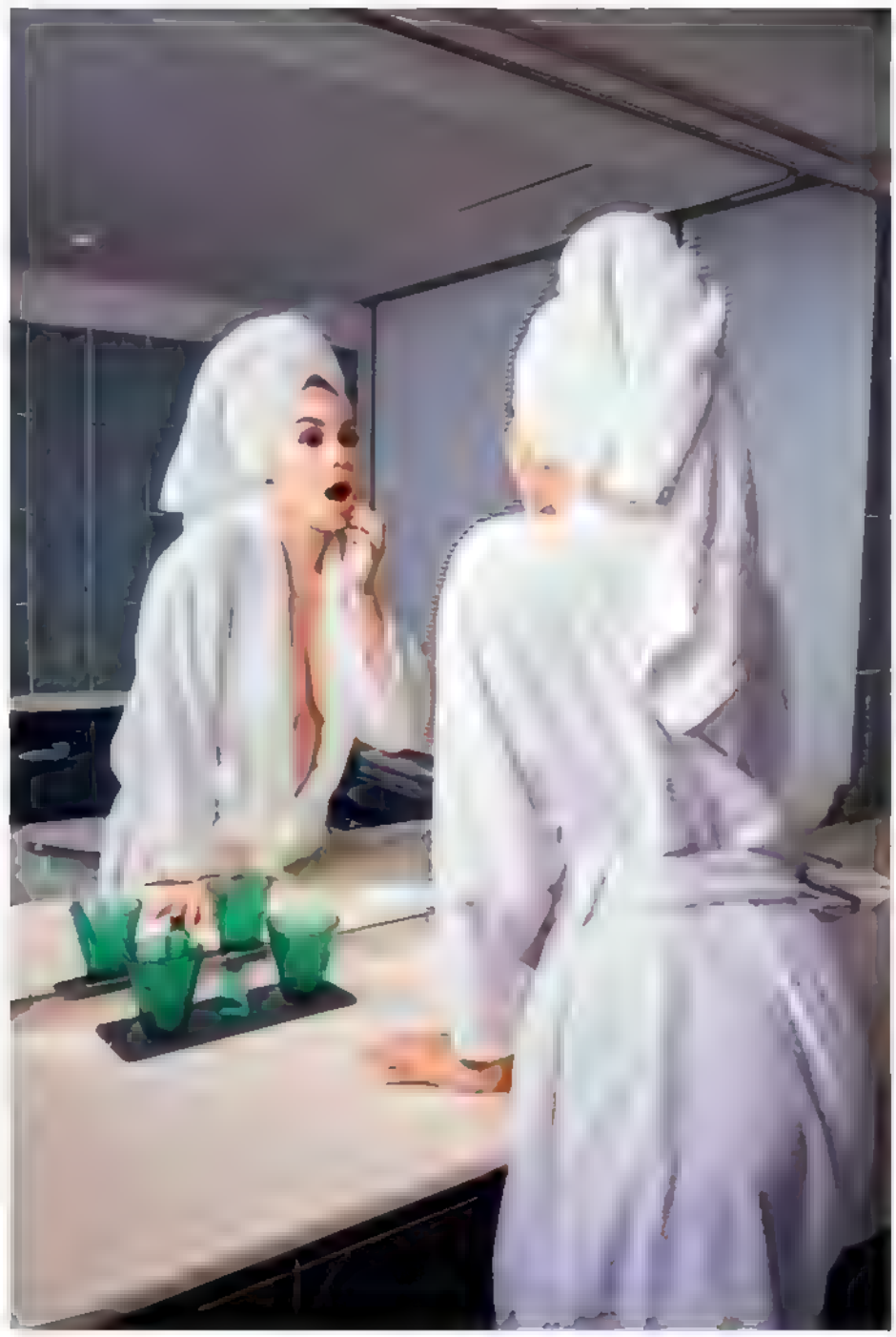
**What are some of the things that attract you to a man?** Be gentle, calm, clean and tidy.

**What is the most daring thing you have ever done?** I traveled to Africa right after my 20th birthday. Even I'm surprised about how I was spontaneous at that time.

**What is the best way to approach you as an admirer?** I'd appreciate if you follow and comment on my social media. I'm always happy when fans purchase actual magazines which I was featured and give me some feedback.

**Where can our readers catch up with you and stay updated with your work?** Instagram and Twitter.

**We are so happy to have gotten to know you a little bit! Any last words?** I'm glad finally it's coming back usual days as before covid. I can start to travel and have some shoots. I can't wait to share it with my fans. Stay safe and healthy. Thank you for reading my interview.



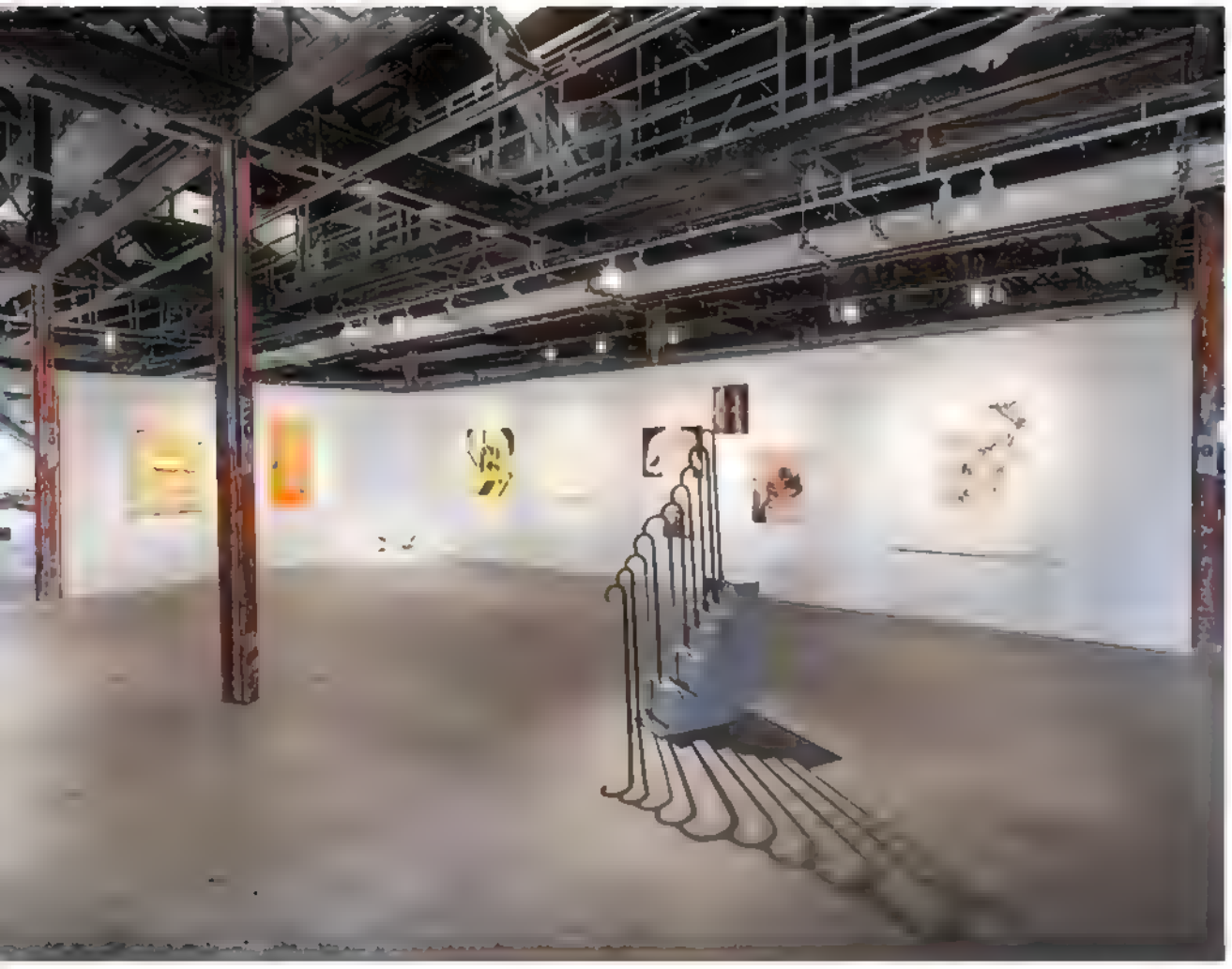
# Is Seattle Art Fair the New Art Basel?

The brainchild of billionaire Microsoft tech giant, NFL owner and avid art collector Paul Allen, the Seattle Art Fair brought 18,000 visitors to the Emerald City last weekend. Here are some of the most exciting artists we encountered

When you hear the phrase "art scene," Seattle's likely not the first city that comes to mind. Tech, coffee, rain, Kurt Cobain, sure. But art? Not so much—at least, not until now. Art Basel has been the majority shareholder in the U.S. art fair scene since the stateside satellite of the Swiss fair made its debut on the sticky streets of South Beach in 2002. But like most things that start off small and cool (Coachella, Facebook, the Lower East Side), the annual December event in Miami has progressively lost its fundamental sense of underground credibility—one blue-chip gallery, Kimye cameo and Banksy sighting at a time.

Make no mistake: Jay Z dropping R378,300.00 on an up-and-coming artist is a good thing. But the fair's growth inevitably eclipsed the palpable feeling of grassroots creative energy that pulsed through Wynwood and Miami Beach every December as recently as a few years ago. Likewise Armory, Frieze and POW! WOW!

*experiment,* 2015 "A room sized window looks onto a CIA monitoring station, which in turn looks through an empty dishevelled motel room." Roxy Paine / Kasmin Gallery



Greg Lundgren renovated Seattle's King Street Station to house Out of Sight - the largest companion fair to Allen's Seattle Art Fair - in 2015. This year's exhibit featured 116 PNW artists selected by Lundgren and co-curator Sierra Stinson, Rafael Soldi

Enter Seattle Art Fair, now in its second year. The brainchild of billionaire Microsoft tech giant, Seahawks owner and avid art collector Paul Allen, the 70,000-square foot, 84-gallery event brought 18,000 visitors to the Emerald City last weekend. A cursory rundown of SAF's stats, which included an exhibitor list of heavy hitters like Pace and David Zwirner, presents like a fully formed Art Basel air-dropped on the West Coast via Jeff Bezos-commissioned drone, but it was the wave of companion fairs and satellite exhibits that elevated Allen's main event from what could have been an impressive-yet-boring gathering to a unique addition to the contemporary art scene.

A slew of local players and international tastemakers used the weekend as an opportunity to piggyback off of the visibility of Allen's event, from Greg Lundgren's Pac Northwest-focused companion fair Out of Sight at the nearby King Street Station, to Superflat, a melting pot of international artists co-curated by Juxtapoz's Evan Pricco and the prolific Takashi Murakami.

James Cohan Gallery, New York, TRENTON DOYLE HANCOCK 2016, 2016 Acrylic and mixed media on canvas 72 x 108 inches

**"In Seattle, people really focus on the work. It's honest."**

All combined, the weekend's artist list offered a wildly diverse mix of names ranging from celebrities like Fairey, Banksy, Damien Hirst and Adrien Brody (who knew?), to masters like Basquiat, Picasso, Warhol and Jasper Johns, to counter-culture illustrators like R. Crumb and Raymond Pettibon, to less known, graffiti-influenced gems like Fonse and Aerubs, to West Coast talents like the function- and process-focused Ben Venom and Akihiko Miyoshi.

Why Seattle and why now? In addition to the fair's billionaire patron, Seattle houses a huge population of artists doing interesting things in a city without the art-world prestige of L.A., Miami or New York.

"In Seattle, people really focus on the work," says Greg Lundgren, the man behind SAF's primary companion fair (whose professional credits also include fine art tombstone maker) and owner of retro Seattle nightlife staples Vito's and the Hideout. p"It's honest. It comes from a place of deep contemplation. We have all the ingredients to really start an interesting national and international dialogue. And I think Seattle Art Fair is that thing."

"Not all art needs to be in nerve centers," adds Juxtapoz's Evan Pricco. Of his choice to mount Superflat here, he says, "It's someplace where we can get a big space and try some things out, [while coinciding] with the Fair so it gets a little bit of the energy."

Pricco has a similar reasoning for the "how" as he does for the "where." "I'm on the Internet," he says. "I'm on my phone. I look at art in a way that's so not the way that people looked at art in 1950s." Whether it's a smart-phone screen or an album cover, "it's a different flow," Pricco explains. "I'm a fucking 34-year-old man who likes ceramic art. [This is] also the reason why Seattle's important—not all art needs to be in nerve centers."

If Lundgren and Pricco are right, Seattle's combination of untapped talent, proportionate ego and cash have created a fertile ground for authentic creative energy. The takeaway? Seattle and Seattle Art Fair are the newest contenders-to-watch in the country's contemporary art scene, at least for now.

Below, check out our roundup of seven of the weekend' s most exciting art and artists.

""Vanita is really a mixture of ideas and emotions, some of which are darker than others. Love can be rotten and love can be sweet." MORGAN ROSSKOPF Vanita, 2016 Mixed media and collage on Fabriano Rosapina 28 x 39 inches

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